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A CHALLENGE TO OUR NEXT PRESIDENT

WILL HE STABILIZE OUR CURRENCY AND SAVE OUR MARKETS?

By GEORGE A. CARDEN

THE fact that a Presidential candidate has been entrusted, during the greater part of a period of twenty years, with the administration of exceptionally difficult public affairs, and has administered them with distinguished success, entitles him to public gratitude and ordinarily to favorable consideration in the selection of the President. The fact that a Presidential candidate has filled the novel office of food administrator to the almost unbelievable satisfaction of the people during a most difficult period entitles him to public gratitude, and ordinarily ought to entitle him to consideration for any office requiring great executive ability. The fact that a Presidential candidate has, with distinguished ability, rendered great public service entitles him to public gratitude and ordinarily to consideration in the primaries and at the polls. But the problem of problems confronting us today and the one to be solved by the man who wants to be President of the United States in order to serve his country (I take no account of the man who desires to become President in order to aggrandize himself), is: "What policy shall we pursue pending the time that we can come, by development, by international agreement or by enlargement of our metallic basis, to a sound and suitable currency condition?"

In their public avowals of the principles upon which they invite the support of voters in the primaries and of delegates to the National Conventions, not one of the Presidential candidates has analyzed the present financial and economic situation of the country or put forth a constructive platform looking to the restoration of the country to its ordinary economic calmness, or suggested a remedy for the financial and economic unrest which is apparent on every hand throughout the United States.

It is true that almost with a single voice they and many others learned in finance are recommending the return of discharged soldiers to the soil and workshops from which they came; the intensifying of productive effort and the curbing of extravagance; a general deflation of currency and lowering of prices. But for all the good their recommendations will accomplish they might as well recommend to the discharged soldiers and to workers generally a summer trip to the moon, because in the condition of the country and in what appears on the future's horizon there is substantially nothing to induce the boys from the farms who prefer the city to go back to the farms or to induce the workers in the shops or on the farms to enlarge their productive effort, or to put any special effort into the practice of personal or family economies; nor would any important national purpose be served if this advice were accepted.

LOW PRICES MEAN LOW WAGES

IT is true that the general practice of economy will reduce the demand for labor's products and thereby lower their prices, but it would tend also proportionately to lower the price of labor. It is true that an increase of labor's efficiency and an enlargement of productive effort would enlarge the supply of labor's products and thereby lower their prices, but they would also tend to lower the price of labor. It is true that the deflation of the currency would take from the value of labor's products the inflation which has been put into them, but it is likewise true that by the same stroke the price of labor would be proportionately deflated. And the problem is to reach a

sound and permanent basis without encountering the revolutionary effects which must come from the proposed deflation, over-production and limitation of demand and consumption.

Enlightened men would not regard such results with favor, whether such men are employers or employees, capitalists or workmen. But if there are those who in the last analysis could content themselves with such results, there are none who would be happy in contemplation of the necessary concomitants of the processes through which the change would take place. There is in history no record of such a change which was not accompanied by pronounced distress, including a long period of industrial stagnation, starvation in the midst of plenty, bread lines, soup houses, and marching armies of hungry men protesting against social and economic conditions and seeking employment.

When the question of free coinage of silver was before Congress in 1878, Hon. John G. Carlisle said that the proposed reduction of the supply of metallic money "would ultimately entail more misery upon the human race than all the wars, pestilences and famines that ever occurred in the history of the world." Carlisle lived to see the foolish contraction and a very large share of the misery consequent thereupon, though that misery was relieved in the last decade of the last century by the discovery of gold in the hidden places of Alaska and other parts of the world and by improved plans for extracting gold from ores and soils which had never yielded it before.

Undoubtedly, we could eventually develop, together with the leading nations of the world, such a basis of currency flotations as should maintain all prices without the enlargement of the metallic basis, for these nations need the changed basis more than we, but considerable time, probably several years, would be required to evolve such development.

It is worthy of consideration that a sufficient basis for a proper flotation of currency could be found in the remonetization of silver (the gold standard no longer exists in Europe and as a consequence the American prices of foreign exchange are disconcertingly low), and the desired results accomplished

without any great shock to the country's or the world's economic position, but this ought to be done with due consideration of the financial positions, the currency flotations, with their corresponding metallic bases, of the leading trading nations.

Unless the production of gold is astonishingly increased, it is perfectly plain to the thinking man that one or both of these plans must be eventually adopted. Otherwise there will ensue falling prices, financial chaos and the elevation of gold to such a pedestal of value as will cause nations and men to struggle for it as never before. And in the midst of that struggle more than a hundred billions of dollars of governmental war debts must be paid in gold or commodities measured by gold.

UNDER-PRODUCTION KEEPS PRICES HIGH

AS a matter of fact, paradoxical as it seems, the ruling element in the maintenance of the prices of commodities today and the holding of the value of gold to its nearly normal position, is the inefficiency of labor, the unwillingness of men to work, the tendency to create, by thriftless expenditures, an abnormal demand for the necessaries and luxuries of life. If the estimated coming crop of winter wheat were seven hundred million bushels, the amount of last year's crop, instead of the four hundred millions now predicted, anyone can see that with our greatly reduced demand for export wheat the price of wheat would immediately decline. If the farmers of the South should raise sixteen million bales of cotton during this year, as they have sometimes done before, anyone can see that as soon as the facts became apparent the price of cotton would greatly decline, and, judged by the experiences of the past, such short-sightedness on the part of the wheat farmer and the cotton farmer would put him in the position of receiving for his enlarged crops probably not one-half of the money which he will receive for his shortened crops. And what is said here of the farmer applies with substantially equal force to the workmen in the shops. They strike, they loiter, they refuse the efficiency which they normally give, and by so doing help to maintain high prices of labor and

labor's products, because the supply remains unequal to the demand. Think of paying, on the basis of a deflated dollar, the colossal sum of more than a hundred billions of dollars of governmental indebtedness, to say nothing of the many billions of private and personal debts contracted on the basis of high commodity prices and relatively low gold price! Think of the creditor receiving three bushels of wheat where the debtor only borrowed one, or three bales of cotton where the debtor only borrowed one! Indeed, the debts could probably never be paid if measured by a deflated dollar, and even if they could be paid it is doubtful if the injustice of such a burden and the grinding effects of the ensuing poverty to the millions would not be worse than a plain and immediate repudiation.

THE H. C. OF L. AND THE PROFITEER

I AM perfectly aware that there is a great hue and cry about the high cost of living, and there is no doubt that, taking advantage of the present unsettled condition of commerce and industry, some men are reaping profits entirely out of proportion to effort in various lines and various circumstances. But there is nothing in this problem that could not be remedied by taxation, by certain restrictions of profits and by enforcement of such anti-trust and profiteering laws as now exist. But, as a matter of fact, if one considers the swollen deposits of savings banks and the largely increased and increasing investments of the people in life-insurance contracts, he is forced to doubt the great importance of this question.

Except in large cities with crowded populations, where rent profiteers should be curbed by legal limitations, and even in those cities where they are so curbed, it is quite within the power of the individual to largely escape the hardships of high living costs. He can eschew without distress, and often to his great personal good, costly luxuries; he can reduce the cost of clothes fifty per cent or more with the sacrifice of no comfort and of very little pride; and there is such a wide variety of foodstuffs which he might raise on a small plot

adjacent to his house and such a wide scope for selection of the less costly foods, nearly always better for him, that it seems to me that most of the tears shed in discussions of the high cost of living could be saved for real sorrow.

In a general way I conceive the foregoing analysis to be correct and, if it is correct, the burning question for statesmen is how to continue commercial and industrial activity and emerge from a position of incertitude without shock or distress into financial and economic tranquillity in and from which further consideration may be given to a juster distribution of wealth, always uppermost in the minds of progressive men.

It is impossible now to devise a sound domestic policy of finance without taking into consideration the condition of nations abroad. As a matter of fact, the realization of that condition would do more to spur America to her highest endeavor and force us to the prompt adoption of a sound policy than any other consideration. The nation's next Executive must see the relation between the economic condition of Europe and our own economic future. He must point the way to bringing American currency and the products of American labor into harmonious, vital and mutually helpful relations with the rest of the world.

THE ANGUISH OF EUROPE

WHILE I write I read in the daily press that in a recent week in the city of Vienna there were more than a thousand deaths as against eight births; that there is such a scarcity of food among the Armenians that they are dying by the thousands; that in Poland, Hungary and indeed all through Central Europe and the Near East hunger and want rule with royal heartlessness. These considerations, however, are mentioned with little hope that they will help to point the way to a solution of our problem, because a nation so dead to the voice of humanity that it refuses to accept the Armenian mandate, in spite of cries of starvation and wails of the victims of massacre, because of some intangible fear that it

may, some time in the years to come, be "entangled" in some indefinable way and circumstance, when every thinking man knows that in the world's changed condition there can be in future no national progress, international trade or international relations without "entanglement," could not be expected to exert itself merely to unselfishly lighten the sufferings of suffering humanity. That men, women and children die of starvation across the sea is no concern of such a nation's selfish self. That in their starved conditions they must bring forth degenerate progeny with debilitated physiques and gloom-ridden brains arouses no interest in the presence of that "entanglement" bugaboo which, except for its unspeakable consequences, would be laughed at by real statesmen.

One would have supposed that the great progressive and humane spirit of the country, that spirit whose apostles have loudly proclaimed their abhorrence of the doctrine of elevating the dollar above the man, would have comprehended such territorial scope as to have heard the cries for help and the mercy calls of vanishing souls outside of the voting limits of our own population, and yet I am told that except for one man of breadth and brains, and perhaps one or two others, there is on the Ways and Means Committee of the United States House of Representatives, a uniform and harmonious deafness to these cries and calls, exhibited in opposition to any loans to any country from which these entreaties come.

One would have thought that the Treasury Department of the United States, in intimate touch with the financial wants of nations, peoples and races threatening to vanish from the earth, would have heard, and yet a Secretary of the Treasury recently announced his official unwillingness to further relieve by loans under any circumstances the needs of the devastated districts of Europe crying to Heaven by day and by night. It was not Mr. McAdoo. The questions which confronted him as Secretary of the Treasury, I am glad to believe, were solved with both humanity and wisdom.

In the midst of this national deafness to humanity's grief a few great-souled men and women are devoting them-

selves and their fortunes to this relief. Their efforts are necessarily sporadic and disorganized as all non-governmental efforts must be, and they have produced great results only because of the greatness of the field for effort.

TO SAVE EUROPE IS TO SAVE OUR MARKETS

BUT I pass by the humanitarian view. The broken districts of France and Italy and Belgium need raw materials and they could be quickly developed into good markets for us; the starving peoples of the weaker nations could be saved to become consumers of our products; the demand for the products of our farms and factories could be restored and continued while we work out the basis for maintaining the present high prices of labor's products and enlarging wages of labor. If the banker asks where the money is to come from and says that Government bonds will decline in value if additional bonds are issued, let us suggest that bonds of small denominations, bearing interest, could be loaned and would pass as a circulating medium here and abroad, or that a guarantee of credits extended to American exporters by the Government of the United States would handle the situation. We should then have time to work out the plan upon which to base the enlarged prices of commodities and the relatively low price of gold, instead of going back to the former high price of gold and low prices of commodities. The suggestion that these loans be made by private individuals and bankers involves an organization which it would take years to get into any kind of business action and is impracticable because banks and individuals cannot enforce collection of debts from foreign governments, cannot establish supervision of custom houses or collect taxes, or make satisfactory or enforcible agreements with foreign governments.

I submit that the Government of the United States can make loans with safety and profit for purchases by weaker nations of Europe, Asia and Africa, and supervise their fiscal policy as is done in Hayti and Santo Domingo, and to the stronger nations on pledges of securities or taxes if necessary

to make them safe in individual cases. Only ordinary banking ability would be required and the carrying out of this policy would enable these nations, big and little, strong and weak, to get on their feet, make them customers of the American merchant, fill them with gratitude for American consideration in such a way as to continue America as the preferential market for years to come.

More than this, it would give to this country commercial and industrial activity, with factories aflame with effort to produce up to their utmost capacity, with farms vitalized into speed and efficiency, withdrawing from the labor of farm and factory the premium on slothfulness and inefficiency and removing the discontent which the present conditions foster. Above all, while we are stabilizing our high prices of labor's products and more equably adjusting labor's wages this program would give us rest and certainty, displacing the universal fear of panic.

PARADISE

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

Once more I feel your kiss, my heart,
And gone are all the fears of yesterday
That made this world so empty, dear,
With you away.

That you would ne'er come back to me, I feared,
Or coming would be cold and still in death;
My pain was that on earth you might not know
I loved you so.

But you are here, and should you go away,
And ne'er come back, life still holds paradise,
For I have given you my love,—my soul,—
All I can give.

PARADISE LOST IN RUSSIA

HOW THE RED RÉGIME EXPLOITED THE SIMPLE PEASANT

By Julia Grant Cantacuzene-Speransky

ULYSSES S. GRANT, whose granddaughter I am, was notoriously a democratic man. His son Frederick Grant, my father, followed in his footsteps in this. Neither of them was possessed of any fortune save the army pay they earned, and our home was of the simplest. It was a happy family life we led, however, such as sons and daughters in memory carry out into the world with them through the years. In my youth, I was taught the creed of these two men: their faith in the future of the country which they served devotedly as soldiers, their confidence in the fine qualities (especially the common sense and patriotism) of Americans, which could be relied upon, they said, always to recognize and to fight down any national danger. I remember they maintained our best defense was in the general education of the people, which put the latter above being fooled by false prophets, and gave them the pride and dignity which should belong to citizens of the world's greatest commonwealth.

I married in 1899, and lived eighteen years in Russia, almost without leaving. As I saw the revolution there preparing, and the great joy and exultation with which the whole empire met the changes it brought, I joined most heartily in the feelings of my adopted people. The majority of the Emperor's court felt as I did, and thought reforms absolutely necessary. The army officers (whether aristocrats or bourgeois), had long since been wishing for the reign of better principles, and my husband was in this heartily with them. In the provinces proprietors and peasants were as one, and

deeply rejoiced when the great news reached them. The members of parliament had cried out long since, demanding new laws and responsible ministers, and even government officials, including some of the cabinet ministers, were filled with hope of future improvements. The latter men were honest patriots enough to feel their ideals had been outraged in the last months of the old régime, though they had remained at their posts from loyalty, knowing that the imperial ship of state was sinking, while the war danger still loomed large.

Those who lived through that period of March and April, 1917, will never forget the high mentality of our country, and the extreme beauty of the general thanksgiving. The extraordinary unity of all classes in this and the general and intense desire to make good in the new situation were deeply impressive.

Then came the birth of a new thing in politics.

THE BIRTH OF BOLSHEVISM

BOLSHEVISM was heard of by name only at the beginning of May, 1917, when an uprising in Petrograd threatened to overthrow the revolutionary government and to establish anarchy in its place. On this occasion the Bolsheviki paraded the streets, their black banners replacing the red ones hitherto seen during processions of the first period of our revolution. There were threatening mottoes printed large, there was much shouting and street fighting, great noise and some danger. Only after several days the atmosphere again became normal, and then it cost the sacrifice of Miliukoff's position in the cabinet, and the unconditional acceptance of the Soldiers and Workmen's Committees as part of the machinery of government.

Such was the official birth of Bolshevism. The germ of Bolshevism, like much else which has hurt the world of late, came to us Russians straight from Germany, though I understand some of the leaders claim it is a Slav theory. The following incidents, however, would prove to everyone's satisfaction, I think, the truth of my statements.

When, in July, Lenine's headquarters were raided, German gold was found there in large sums; also during various uprisings of anarchistic tendency German gold was each time found in the hands and pockets of those leading the disorders. In numberless places where specially violent demonstrations took place, German official spies were recognized, and caught disguised as Russians. All the organization of the Bolsheviki has been most thorough, and their movements so carefully planned and carried out as to preclude the possibility of these being the result of an effort by the uneducated and inexperienced Russian mobs, who alone of Russians took part in them. Our poor people, having always been of gentle, careless nature, were much too helpless and indifferent to conceive and execute a long, complicated and systematic program, such as the Bolsheviki party has carried out all over our country.

We know there have been German agents since before the war, attending to special work as spies and propagandists. My husband, who was in command of the cavalry post at Kief, was fighting constantly also after the revolution, and he had in hand several times Austrian and German papers and money, while he arrested several spies who, in the Ukraine, were posing as local "Nationalists." At the Great Staff Headquarters of Moghileff, when came the last mutiny before the provisional government's final overthrow, the Commander-in-Chief (General Doukhonine) was killed by an Austrian, dressed in Russian sailor-uniform; the general had recognized and called this man by name before he fell. In many a village, such as our own, for months after the March revolution we were still living quietly on excellent terms with our village peasant committee. A new group of five or six outside men then appeared, and sufficed to breed discontent and trouble, bribing our people, exciting them with speeches, and finally inflaming their brains with vodka till they could be successfully led to excesses quite beyond belief. Then the strange committee members disappeared, leaving helpless peasants to face consequences. In our home place, about eight million roubles' worth of property was thus destroyed

under the leadership of such a group of "foreigners." When these men had finally gone, and the frantic peasants came to their senses, they realized not only that they had done us a great wrong, but also that they had harmed themselves by making it impossible to cultivate the land they had annexed on the committee's advice. They had completely destroyed the wherewithal to work the place: implements, machinery, animals and buildings were all lacking.

Hundreds of estates in Russia have suffered from the conditions created and kept going by this German organization. It suited the enemy's policy, of course, perfectly, to almost destroy us and our peasantry together, then to step in as saviors, re-establish law and order, and thus try to put the nobility under obligations, and to crush and exploit the humble classes by leaving them no defense, and finally (by drawing on them for grain and men), to replenish their own losses in food and labor.

In July, 1917, the Bolshevik party had gathered to itself all the discontented elements, both in the great cities and in the armies. There was enough strength behind their men to frighten Kerensky, and to force his hand. Even among Red Cross workers on the fighting line, at least a dozen men and women whom I knew had terrible experiences with their hospital service, and these groups fell to pieces, as did the army and every other organization in Russia, while little by little the Bolsheviki gained strength.

A NEW ROBESPIERRE ARRIVES

LEON TROTZKY arrived in July, coming from the east side of New York City, where he had till then been doing useful work for his German employers and their cause. He admitted being an anarchist and also that his name had been Leo Bronstein until he moved to our unfortunate land, when he had taken a Russian appellation. Perhaps he outshone Lenine in magnetism and eloquence, and he was better trained in the enemy's methods—being one of them.

At once, the new Robespierre inaugurated a reign of terror, or tried to do so, for even the overthrow once accom-

plished, many of his Russian followers still hung back, and with innate idealism expected the millennium to fulfill its promises immediately, without their making undue effort in the matter. Of course nothing came of the poor Russians' hopes, since it had never been in the plans of the originators that their followers should reap any good from the new project. All riches of the country they meant to draw out for themselves, and only complete slavery was to be the native moujik's part. Naturally though, he, the victim, must be kept in ignorance of such plans till he should be prostrate beyond recovery. To gain this end it was of course necessary to tempt people onward over the road which they seemed loath to follow.

It is a little known fact that while Trotzky immediately persecuted all liberal and middle-class elements, and even such workmen as understood and protested against some of his policies, he made advances to various members of the extreme autocratic old group, especially to men and women who had been of Rasputin's clan about the Empress, and who were known as the "German party" at the Romanoff court. General Woyeikoff, Madame Wiroboff and several others were liberated from prison by Trotzky, where they had been shut up by the first revolutionary government. Bolshevik officials returned their fortunes to them, and even asked various men who in the old government were of extreme retrograde ideas, to take places in the first Bolshevik cabinet.

Step by step, a fixed program was carried out. The lower strata, who could neither read nor write, naturally wanted all those things, which were being dangled before their blinking eyes, and soon fell easy prey to Bolshevik machinations. They who had gone through four terrific years of war, who were very needy (in the north especially), of both fuel and food, believed at once the false prophets who appeared from they knew not where, offered them shining gold, provisions, and above all vodka, of which they had not tasted for three long years. The newcomers promised there should be a paradise on earth, no more work and no more fighting, with all the riches of the world to be had for the mere taking,

and it was not any longer "stealing" and "murder" they were asked to practice, it was explained, for everything in the new government was to be "nationalized." There were only two duties to perform: to carry out the law by appropriating what was at hand, and to "defend the revolution," which meant fighting counter-revolutionary plots and parties.

ONE VAST DRUNKEN HORDE

THIS seemed easy enough, as it only required occasional arrests, the making of requisitions, and now and then the shooting of suspected bourgeois. Raiding of houses, shops and cellars (both public and private), was a delightful occupation by the excitement and booty it furnished. As heads became heated, the whole of the poorer elements became one vast drunken horde of half-mad creatures. Even the German directors could no longer manage the mob, except by granting all it asked, and promising more and always more. Each day brought new difficulties, and to keep their place the demagogues must be forever ready to humor wild caprices, and invent new licenses and orgies. Thought must be stifled at all costs in those the Germans wished to keep in hand. This became especially necessary, because so many promises and prophecies did not come true. Men who were led to burn chateaus and farms, stock and implements, and to whom the land "was given," were not content finally because, after they had the land, they could not labor at so much of it, just with their naked hands, and all the tools and organization for bringing forth the fruits had been completely done for by themselves. How were they to bring money from the bare ground, be it ever so rich? They could not suffice at the work, and besides they did not really want to labor. Had not part of the new paradise promised been that no one need work again?

In the factories it was the same; there were at first wonderful days and nights, when the men stood up to the owners, talked of their new rights, and took their freedom when and how they pleased, which resulted in a complete holiday at full wages. The managers at first protested, then for a time they

paid, thinking it would be but a temporary crisis to weather; and finally they went bankrupt and closed their shops, or left them to the management of the strikers. Some fled, and thus saved their lives; others stayed and were murdered, while buildings and machinery generally went up in flames. Any factory hands who wanted to stand by their employers were driven off; or when they proclaimed too loudly that the conduct of their comrades was outrageous, they were put to death as renegades to their class. After all this was accomplished, and there was time to realize what had been done, naturally no pay was forthcoming. From cold lodgings, the workmen sallied out into the streets, ready for any adventure which might be suggested: riots and noise, drinking, stealing and knifing. Inspiration was ever present for these acts in the idea of all that was to be, but had not yet come true, and in the gnawing hunger which even more than of old was felt. Of such desperate men the "Red Guard" was formed, and a more dangerous lot could scarcely be. Trotzky saw to it they should be kept amused and satisfied, and he paid these men first and well, with money which came regularly from the Berlin banks, when none could be obtained nearer home. Lawlessness was the special, general and individual occupation of every Bolshevik, who applied the party practices to himself, and each man thought only of the acquisition of his personal desire of the moment. Either one must flee the country, or give way. Anyone who disagreed was shot, if noticed.

TREACHEROUS CONDUCT OF RED GOVERNMENT

AS an indication that the Bolsheviki were capable of breaking all rules of hospitality, and of showing treachery even toward foreigners who were in their hands, I need state but one instance: the experiences of the diplomatic missions, who departed from Petrograd at the moment when, in February, 1918, after the peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk, the German conquerors were to occupy our capital. The actions of the Trotzky-Lenine government were at this time quite on the Hun pattern. The American ambassador's and several other missions retired to Vologda (half across

European Russia on the Trans-Siberian road), while the British, French, Italian and Servian missions refused to take this direction, and go almost around the world to reach their homes. With Trotzky's permission they started for the Swedish frontier by way of Finland—a trip of thirty hours or so. They were harassed and held up, however, for between six and seven weeks, and finally the British were the only ones who succeeded in reaching the frontier at all. At first Trotzky tried to tempt the members of the Allied foreign missions, by offering villas to each of them if they would but come to Moscow, and by their presence recognize the Red government. This invitation was refused, because the Allies felt themselves already as near the Soviet Commune as they cared to be. If they went further south, they realized, at any moment when such action became advantageous, they might be made prisoners and held as hostages. Evidently Trotzky's object was to play off the Allies against the Germans who were accredited to the "Kremlin."

What lack of confidence the Teuton powers felt in the Bolsheviki can be judged by the fact that Austria and Germany each insisted on establishing in Moscow a regiment or two of their own troops, to defend their embassies! In spite of this precaution Count Mirbach was murdered within six months. It was Radek, a member of the Bolshevik Soviet, who came to Vologda with invitation for the diplomatic corps. Immediately after he returned to Moscow, the stranded party of foreigners received an alarming telegram from the Muscovite capital, saying it was "unsafe for diplomats to remain in Vologda, and that another day might mean escape would no longer be possible!" Thereupon Mr. Francis and his companions decided to use the special train they had kept ready on the tracks day and night for five months past, and to beat a hasty retreat to Archangel.

It shows the great influence of the Germans with, if not their absolute control of, Trotzky, that they twice demanded the banishment of the American ambassador and his companions from Archangel, in support of which demand they used various threats toward the Bolshevik Government.

RESULTS OF GERMAN INFAMY

THERE might be surprise that no successful opposition was made, in our great centers at least, to a movement which was not a national one; but when one remembers how the Bolsheviki party came into existence, it seems natural enough nothing could be organized against it. The enlightened members of society were not only in the minority, but they had been completely disarmed, by many requisitions, of all means of defense (guns, revolvers and every cartridge being taken), which were successively carried through since the first revolutionary movement, in March, 1917. The Reds, on the contrary, possessed the firearms which had been in reserve at the arsenals, those which had been on hand in the factories and even those also which were in use by the army, except such as had been surrendered to the German conqueror on the firing line, or destroyed and thrown away during the defeats and wild routs of the past summer. Even now, the Teutons keep these so-called troops of the Red Guard well supplied with shot and shell, and they help them in every possible way in their work of destruction. Some time, perhaps, all of this ragged and disappointed misery will turn on its German leaders and serve them with the treatment they so justly merit, by the vast swindle they have practiced.

By degrees their schooling is giving results, which bear the "made in Germany" stamp, as for instance it shows in the recent delightfully frank declaration of Zinovieff, the Bolshevik tyrant of Petrograd. In a speech he made to his confederates, who doubtless were at a loss to understand why, after having made peace with the Huns, and after fighting the Allies off and through a long year of weary misery, suddenly the people's commissioners of the Soviets have changed their politics to the point of accepting an invitation (sent from Paris), to meet and confer with representatives from the winners of the war, Zinovieff explains his point of view. His discourse is published in a Petrograd newspaper for all the world to read. He said:

"We have accepted this invitation, which has come to us Bolsheviki unsolicited, because we are poor and in need of help and provisions of all kinds, which these new Allies now tired of fighting us will offer, in exchange for certain promises on our part. The promises we shall keep only as long as we are pleased to do so. Then we shall act as we see fit and treat this agreement as we would any other scrap of paper! There is no obligation to hold to such an arrangement, once it is not convenient for us to do so. Meantime we stand to gain these things which we desire and will demand."

In the hands of such as Trotzky, the ideals professed (at first) by the Bolshevik party, have been so thoroughly debased, that I fancy the crowd is held now only by fear, or by a constant appeal to its worst instincts. Religion deep-seated of old in our orthodox peasant and soldier, and only slightly less so in the factory hands of Russia, is being killed out. The churches, which held crowds of poorly clad bodies, and soft faces, in the first months of the revolution, stand empty now, and disfigured, with their jeweled ikons and candlesticks, crosses and missals stolen, or destroyed in the melting pot. The priests have mostly been driven away, or they live in hiding.

Destruction of religion and civic honor, destruction of all social life, our schools empty and the gutters crowded, banks, factories, shops and business closed, this is the Bolsheviki's promised peace, and they obtained it by becoming slaves to their Hun masters at Brest-Litovsk. "Without contribution and without annexation," yet most of Russia was put in German hands, while the enemy squeezed our country dry of money and of food. The people are sold into slavery and are dying of hunger, the national army is debauched so its heroic deeds of olden days are quite forgotten, and its pride is in the dust.

BOLSHEVISM HAS DESTROYED RUSSIA

RUSSIA is without a banner, flag or anthem, and patriotism is submerged in drab internationalism. Instead of fighting the enemy, the people murder one another, and property is ruined everywhere. The Bolsheviki promised liberty, safety, equality, and to our minds of old this means happiness; but it seems that there are other

points of view. In the language of Lenine and Trotzky, liberty signifies the development of the vilest passions of the mob, and the complete tyranny of one small group over the whole land; it signifies the entire nation to be preyed upon by a small fraction of the population: their own of course, and that crimes such as murder, rape and theft are left unpunished. Bolshevism has completely broken up our people's unity, and has defaced a nation's strength and splendor for many years to come.

All life in country districts, and in our cities as well, is at a standstill. In Petrograd and Moscow famine, typhus, cholera, foul air caused by dirt and decay inconceivable reign supreme. Water, light, street conveyances, telephones and all other public services have completely collapsed, the brilliant capital stands rotting and helpless through the months. There are show buildings all in ruins, either from bombardments, or from sacking; food, when obtainable, has reached prices impossible to pay, except by the very rich profiteers of the period. I recently read that butter was $145.00 a pound, dog meat $10.00 a pound, while pork at $45.00 a pound was snatched at; but money has no value, since it has been printed in such quantities that no gold reserve can represent it.

Honest workmen, civilians of the middle classes, are dying in want with their families. Officers and even the better elements of the soldiers at first, when free, took to the shock-battalions on the firing line hoping to be killed, and thus escape infamy; but where a woman and small mouths depended upon the man, he did not always feel he had a right so to dispose of himself, and with no money and no trains for flight, many remained in the big centers necessarily and faced the crisis out. Immediately when the Bolsheviki took power, the officers were all disarmed, their epaulets dragged off, and their rank and pay were both suppressed—even to the small pensions given to officers and soldiers alike, who had won the St. George's Cross for signal bravery on the field of battle. With every means of living gone, these men tramped the streets to find work, and took whatever offered Though the new rulers did not want to labor themselves, they

objected to seeing others do so, thus putting them to shame, so here, there and everywhere, the better elements of the army were told no room for them existed in the new scheme of life; and they were reviled and baited, repulsed and humiliated from all sides. Many fell faint with hunger on the streets or doorsteps.

Avowed and intentional degradation of our people after the German model has been practiced, so that immorality has been quite openly encouraged, anyhow and anywhere. In at least two cities (Saratoff and Wladimir) proclamations issued by the local soviets, announced officially the "nationalization of women," and the adoption of all children by the state; consequently the complete abolition of homes and families is aimed at, with such strength, responsibility and happiness as these must mean to a community, deliberately swept away.

TROTZKY'S RED ARMY WEAK

A KIEF newspaper, put into my hands, contains a communication that seems to prove how little confidence the head of the Bolsheviki government has in his own army. It says:

> "On the 19th of November, 1918, was held in Moscow an extra session of the Council of the People's Commissioners, (Bolshevik government) and it was debated how Russia would meet the advance of the Allied troops shortly expected. The head of the Red armies, Leon Trotzky, arose to announce that the army of the Soviets would probably not be able to withstand the enemy's offensive. Being so numerous, the Bolshevik forces are deprived of the concentrated strength of organization, whereas the fall of Germany has had the effect of augmenting recently the authority of the Anglo-French coalition, in a proportion difficult of evaluation. At this time it suffices that our front should learn some rumor of the approach of an Allied detachment, for the news to produce colossal disorders in the ranks of our Red Army, *making it impossible to persuade our men to battle!*"

I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement but only for the fact that the newspaper containing it is in my hands, sent me by a friend who escaped not long ago from our sad home-country. I am inclined to believe Trotzky and Lenine have reason to feel much anxiety as to the behavior of their defenders in case of attack by a proper force, well led and

well armed, for I personally saw the Bolsheviki fighting on several occasions, and while they always created havoc, and infinite tragedy lay in their wake, they never carried out their plans. Easily distracted by some side issue they showed themselves ready to stop for food or drink, to throw away their ammunition and carry off some booty in its place, which had momentarily attracted their fancies. In turn, they would soon drop the booty, to follow a new scent, or merely because the burden of it wearied them. Never had they capacity above, nor obedience below in their ranks, except when they were led by Germans, who browbeat them, and kept them well in hand. I much fear at the present time, the Bolshevik progress we read of in the papers, means that German troops, freed by the armistice from the western front, have gone into Russia, stiffening with their strength the chaotic hordes of their slaves there.

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE CHILDISH

OUR people, always childish, have been especially so in their shame and suffering but they have shown ferocity only under strong urging and mastery. Left to themselves they have been noisy, wasteful, wanton, careless, dirty, lazy and many other things, but never bloodthirsty or systematically cruel, as were the French peasants and "citizens" of 1792.

Many of our people were drawn to the first Bolsheviki leaders, or have since followed the bloody banner, because the propagandists held out promises of good things to come, from joining the movement. Peace and happiness, prosperity and the true millenium, with land and liberty for all, were promised of Russia, just as the agents of these bloody doctrines are promising all this to the tired proletariat here today. Small wonder, when they were treated to food and drink, and saw gold being given away that our simple Russians should have been impressed with such (apparent) generosity. The mirage of good to come lasted but a short time, but when they were undeceived the Rubicon was passed, and the people found themselves beyond the pale. Then they

thought they were obliged to stay. Many a self-styled Bolshevik I have known among peasants, working people or soldiers, has admitted he joined the party "because it was either be a Bolshevik or be shot," and it was promised him he should have all things after a short period of disorder and trouble had passed. Many of these men probably are sorely disappointed now, and would be glad of a change, but they dare not say it even in a whisper.

In Bolshevik crowds, I have seen, of course, some heavy criminal faces full of brutality, but the majority wore rather the signs of dull despair, and of surprise and fear in their expressions. They were apparently, when not excited, mere cowed and broken wrecks, beaten and torn by the storm to which they had been subjected. I have not been alone in noticing this for nearly every traveler coming out of north Russia recently testifies (consciously or unconsciously) to the sorrow he has recognized in faces on the streets. After all these men and women are still hungry and cold, without homes and without work; even more wretched than they were before the revolution, for they have lost ideals and hopes and the softness which was the natural atmosphere of life in the picturesque old Russia. The beauty of their cities is gone, and all that was poetic and kindly has been shut off from life, so that even the outside frame has lost the ray of warmth and life which somehow in ancient days crept into the general dreariness surrounding them. I am told there is much desire for improvement, but no one risks being caught by the present authorities expressing a wish for this.

Such is Bolshevism in Russia, and one can only hope and pray a change may come, from within or from without, before the country shall have reached a point of exhaustion, from which no rebirth is possible.

Every man who knows the truth, and who escapes from the chaos and destruction triumphant now in the Slav empire, adds this word of warning, calling attention to the danger run by the whole edifice of Christian civilization from the spread of Bolshevism. Each one, of whatever political party he may be, most solemnly asserts that if the world is to be

protected from this dread disease, then Russia must be quickly helped and saved.

Having looked at all this, I would fail in my clear simple duty, did I not add my feeble voice to the general testimony. Those who are liberals or democrats have a common cause against these Bolsheviki, who having made a bloody desert of one rich and beautiful, now plan to upset the world.

To the men and women of these United States I speak, not to ask for help either for our people or our land, though we have lost so much, but I would call upon them to look well behind the mask, which is being held up daily by false agents and made to seem so fair.

Learn by the experience of great sad Russia, and protect yourselves, your homes and your country from the danger of Bolshevism before it is too late, for it is a foul thing, and its acceptance means only chaos and suffering, anarchy and death.

A SONG FOR MAYTIME

By FAITH BALDWIN

Summer is a round, ripe peach,
Hot with scent and sweet:
Winter is a wild, grey gull,
Flying lone and fleet.

Autumn, perching on the trees,
Flame against the bark,
Is the sunset, spreading wings,
Challenging the Dark!

But the little, little Spring
Is a silver hind,
Primrose hoof-prints in the grass,
Lure the Huntsman, Wind.

Shaken blue-bells; dappled trees—
Spring goes by before the breeze!

WHEN 20,000,000 WOMEN GO TO VOTE

WHAT WOMEN MAY EXPECT OF THE POLITICAL PARTIES

By Mrs. John Glover South
[*Chairman, Woman's Division, Republican National Committee*]

THE ratification of the suffrage amendment by thirty-six States will mean the completed advent into politics of more than 20,000,000 women voters. Woman's full and final right to participate in public affairs is assured. Whether or not so tremendous an influx will be effective, vitally and largely effective, in the growth of the nation, depends upon the women themselves. We have the vote. What shall we do with it?

The answer is unmistakable. The time has not come, will never come, when even those of us who from the earliest days strove for the enfranchisement of women may rest upon our oars.

A great period has been set, it is true—a period devoted to the winning of the ballot. That is all. The game is hardly in the first inning. For women must use the vote. How? In what way make effective the instrument for which women have worked and suffered? It has been the fashion for opponents of the cause (frequently, *how* frequently, of the Democratic persuasion), to voice the objection that women, being women, with especially created minds all off the same piece, would organize themselves as a whole, and then blindly and stupidly oppose the best measures of the existing political organizations. That women should disagree politically among themselves was apparently unthinkable. The moment for such sex organization came—and passed. The battle-cry arose on all sides:

"Get into the political parties."

Women are determined to go in, and oddly enough it

turned out that many like myself and Miss Hay who were already "in," had long since made their political choices. Women want a full voice in the settlement of national problems. They can get such a voice only through the political parties.

WOMEN MUST ORGANIZE

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT said recently, "The only way to get anything in this country is from inside the parties." That is why women must choose. If they are to count at all, they must do so as voters working within organizations. These parties exist. They have always existed. The very Constitution of the United States was framed on the supposition of political parties brought together on the basis of general principle, and organized for the promotion of their candidates. To remain outside is to be ineffectual. Some persons today, impatient with the too long standing wrongs of society, feel that political parties are outworn, obsolete.

They offer no substitute. Unorganized, their well meaning efforts fail. The only way to accomplish anything today is through organization. The two chief parties afford that organization with ample opportunity for experiment from within, for idealism, for a good fight. The minority parties, too, have definite opportunities. If you believe in them, stand by them. If for no other reason, however, the two old parties, because they have the best chance of success in the administration of affairs, appeal most largely to those hoping for immediate action, modification without revolution, renascence from within the established system.

And once in, what then?

At the dramatic moment of their entry into practical politics, what have the parties to offer women? What may women expect from them? It is a well known fact that those fighting for a cause usually have their weapons bright and shining, their equipment in the best of order. The women of the country are in this position. Forced to meet challenge after challenge, to define and formulate, to produce reason

and proofs, they cannot be deceived by platitudinous generalities, by evasion of vital issues, by promises containing no note of substantiation.

Miss Mary Garrett Hay, chairman of the Republican Women's National Executive Committee, wisely says: "Disconcerting, too, will be the woman voter's desire for facts, not oratory; declarations of practical principles, not 'beautiful language' and jack-o'-lantern dreams. When she studies the platforms, she will do it in the light of their parties' recent achievements and failures. She knows that all the rational, forward-looking legislation favoring women and children—the child labor law, the minimum wage and minimum hours regulations—have been championed by one of the two great parties; now she wants to know which one."

It is true. Women are no mean judges. The parties must offer sound platforms embracing sound and far-reaching reconstructive measures, and in them the women voters will look for those principles for which women as a whole have stood. The working out of them will depend upon particular party ways and means.

WOMEN VOTERS WANT SOUND PLATFORM.

FOR these statements of party principles, women are not unprepared. Leaders among them have long been familiar, and in their *most practical aspects,* with certain special problems such as those connected with women in industry, child welfare, legal status of women, malnutrition of school children, food supply and demand, social hygiene. Women like Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the Federal Children's Bureau, have a complete working knowledge of facts that, twenty years ago, women could not have dimly understood, when read. In social welfare work, in education, in the conduct of war organizations, women have acquired a sound and lasting basis for their demands. Dreams, branded Utopian by an elder generation, are all but coming true—the dreams of these pioneer women hoping and working to make the world a clean and joyous place for all.

Women can make these dreams come true. And because

they have a sure weapon—the ability to get facts, to understand facts, and to make concrete programs out of facts. When all's said and done, who is more practical than a woman, or more determined in what she wants? (You have only to go shopping with her to find that out.) Women want action going to the root of social ends. Solutions belong to parties. Women voters, facing the problems of social justice, will not be satisfied with vague answers.

Now for the woman dedicated to welfare problems, what does the political party mean? It means a chance to work at them. And the bigger the party, the bigger the chance, for the bigger power you have back of you.

I should be a poor chairman of the Woman's Division of the National Republican party if I did not think the Republican party offered the biggest chance. It is not because I am a descendant of Republican forebears (prolonged residence in Kentucky has not uprooted our convictions). It is because of certain outstanding features both in its past history and in its present phase. It is the party of Lincoln and of most of the great leading statesmen of the past sixty years. Its leaders and its candidates are politically trained. It has shown itself open to ideas promoting true progress.

At this moment it can but appeal to the women voters on immediate grounds. A Republican Congress passed the suffrage amendment. The first eight Legislatures to ratify were Republican. The first man to secure recognition for women's cause in Congress, by arranging a committee hearing, was Senator Harlan of Iowa, a Republican. The first man to speak for suffrage in Congress was Senator Sargent of California, a Republican. Ninety per cent of the Republicans of the House voted *for* suffrage; 79 per cent of the Democrats voted *against;* 86 per cent of the Republicans of the Senate voted *for;* 46 per cent of the Democrats of the Senate voted *against.*

The 66th Congress, two weeks after a Republican majority had come in, passed the Federal Suffrage amendment by the overwhelming majority of 304 *for* to 89 *against.* What was the Democratic party doing for eight years? Cer-

tainly not paying any attention to women. The Democratic party, to be sure, is now offering a tardy recognition by appointing a Woman's Committee. In view of the facts, the concession is a grudging one made purely on the ground of expediency.

The Republican party, on the contrary, seems divested of ulterior motive when we consider that more than a year ago Mr. Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, appointed the Republican Women's National Executive Committee to act with them. "There is but one possible rule for a political party," he declared, "and that is that the rights of the individual membership to participate in the management of the party's affairs must be and remain equally sacred and sacredly equal * * * the Republican party welcomes this army of voters."

Here is a generous welcome, inspiring confidence and immediate acceptance of opportunity. Following upon this move, in May, 1919, occurred the first national political conference of men and women ever held over which a woman presided. Women, at a leap, were not only set on the stage, but were accorded leading parts. The plans for organization involved the active co-operation of women voters, in accordance with the avowed purpose of the Republican chairman, "To devise ways and means to make certain the full participation by the Republican women in the party's affairs." Women are "to be assimilated and amalgamated with just that full consideration due every working member of the party in the rights of their full citizenship." The party must see that these words of its chairman are not idle.

WHAT DO THE PARTIES OFFER WOMEN?

IN political creed, what do the parties offer women? One way of testing the future is by the past. The Republican party has stood in the past for wise legislation protecting the business of the country, and for broad measures promoting sound justice. Always it has attempted to unify welfare development without regard to sections, and without partisan spirit.

The Republican party abolished slavery and restored the Union; it established a tariff that should protect the working man, and a sound financial system; it stabilized currency. Here are a few achievements: the Fifteenth Amendment, which establishes equality of suffrage; the Civil Rights Act, extending to all persons the equal protection of the laws; all existing Civil War pensions; the anti-trust law; the Panama Canal; pure food labels; model child labor law for the District of Columbia; government compensation law; railroad rate bill; penalizing of white slave traffic; common school system.

From the woman's point of view, important has been the stand regarding the employment of children in industry and the protection of women workers. Forty States have laws limiting the hours of labor for children; twenty-two are Republican, eighteen Democratic. Twenty of the twenty-eight States limiting the number of working hours for women are Republican. Ten Republican States to four Democratic States have sweatshop legislation; seventeen Republican States to four Democratic have factory inspection; the Republican party throughout the war waived party issues, and stood back of all measures necessary for carrying on the offensive. A Republican proposed increasing the pay of enlisted men from $15 to $30 a month, a measure of untold good to women and children.

It is true that one party may pass what another has worked for, and that disentangling party efforts is difficult and uncertain. Nevertheless, it is generally conceded that the Democratic party has been backward in certain important respects. Take the testimony of such a woman as Mrs. Raymond Robins, for fifteen years associated with the Women's Trade Union League, who finds lack of progress toward better conditions for working women in the Democratic States. The present Administration has give no important positions to women in the conduct of the war. No; the Democratic party does not, in the face of its past, offer to women either the active part nor the progressive measures along humanitarian lines for which she seeks.

Is it possible to challenge the future course of the parties? On February 21, 1920, the Republican party of the State of New York adopted a platform which is indicative of the party's trend. Every woman voter and prospective woman voter in this country should study this platform. *Women may expect of the political parties that they make good concretely and decisively on the statements of their chairmen and their platforms.* This is gospel truth. Therefore, should these platforms be *right*. The Democratic platform is as yet a 1916 model. The Republican, as I have said, is in the making. There is room for individual initiative.

OPPORTUNITIES NEW PARTIES OFFER

AND here let me speak of the new parties—the Labor Party, and particularly the Committee of Forty-eight designed by its brief avowal of principle to unite all those discontented with the old organizations. The chance for new formulation offered by new parties is inviting. Suppose a new party puts out a good platform. It would take years to overcome the lethargy of the average voter who tends to stay in his old party. Why not devote this initiative to the tested machine? There is the chance. To foster the fresh current of ideas, the New York *Tribune* is offering prizes ranging from $500 to $10 each for Republican platform planks, open to any and every citizen, and suggesting such topics as control of public utilities, world relations, social justice, labor and capital. Then, women may not vote merely. They may take a hand in the very promulgation of those principles for which they are prepared to stand (by enrolling in parties they may elect party officers and party leaders). Now is the time to expect formulation of a decisive nature—to exact formulation the most constructive ever known. In 1918 a Democratic President left the country without a reconstructive program. In 1920, the party to gain the women's vote will be that party presenting the best constructive platform. And every general phase must be supported by well devised, positive steps for action.

The tentative Republican program exemplified in the

platform adopted by the New York State Republicans reflects the consciousness of the need for far-reaching reform, and a sharp awareness of the issues of the day. It calls for an immediate ratification of the Peace Treaty, preserving always inviolate the Monroe Doctrine; entire self-direction in domestic affairs; the right of Congress alone to authorize the sending of sailors and soldiers abroad; the right to withdraw from the League, and otherwise maintain the entity of the American nation. It provides for the establishment of a High Court of Justice for pacific decisions of international disputes and for international conferences. It sharply upholds the independence of the nation over European embroilment. It is opposed to discussion in the place of lawful force, finding the proposed League of Nations defective in this respect. Here is a definite course of action which, while it safeguards the nation, paves the way to the broader international relations which, after all, is the object of the League of Nations in its present form.

The immediate ratification of the suffrage amendment is urged, that women may participate in the elections in November for President, Vice President, one-third of the Senate, and the entire House. A question that we have all got to face is, what shall we do about strikes? Our Republican platform regards the strike as a "weapon of industrial war," which shall be increasingly unnecessary. It advocates the better organization of industry and the establishment of a commission or commissions on industrial relations to deal with industrial differences and provide for the welfare and improvement of industry. Bolshevism is to be met, not by hysterical force, but by education. The high cost of living is to be met by increased production and a revision of the taxation system. A national budget system must free the government from the extravagances of the present Administration. Tariffs should be regulated for the protection of home industry; railroads should be federally supervised, but privately owned. Under the heading of Social Advance:

"We recognize that health, housing and education are essential to that satisfaction upon which free government

rests. We urge that prompt study be given to ways and means of protecting and promoting the health of the people, or providing better and more adequate housing, particularly in large centers of population and for families with children; of encouraging land settlement through co-operative effort, and of *improving the schools of the land, with reference to providing thoroughly trained and properly paid teachers.*" (Italics mine.)

These and other problems are faced in a broad and wise spirit. Is that all? By no means. Parties are what their constituents make them. The actual steps toward solution must be taken by the personnel of the party. For instance, with a college president's prophecy that in another year two-thirds of the schools of the country will be closed for lack of teachers, to pay enough teachers properly and thoroughly train them will be the lifework of a number of persons. It rests with the voters to get in the right representatives, and then, if they fail, they can be held to account by the party. This is the beauty of the party system.

My advice, then, to women voters is that they train themselves for citizenship and enroll themselves in political parties, that they may get from the party strength in union.

The Woman's Division of the Republican National Committee has worked out ten "rules" for the new voter. They urge membership in a local political organization and a political district club; a study of the district politically; responsibility for bringing out voters; responsibility for facts; responsibility for a knowledge of English in the district; responsibility for active citizenship.

"Serve your town, your State, and nation in this spirit, for a better party means a better country." Thus may women show their political astuteness and claim the rights accorded them.

HOW PRESIDENTS ARE MADE

ALONG THE POLITICAL SKIRMISH LINE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

By Alfred E. Keet

An aptitude for practical politics is a great factor in qualifying a man to run for the highest office in the land. But running for the Presidency and being elected thereto are quite different things; and, as we shall see, the God of War has often upset the plans of astute party managers. Notwithstanding, party organization in the American political system has for many years played an important part in electing to office public officials. Mr. Hoover, however, seems to wish the American people to break away from machine politics and elect their candidates themselves according to the time-honored theory of the makers of our Constitution, who, in creating the Electoral College, supposed that it would be forever free from party bias or influence.

George Washington (1789-1793) was chosen by common consent; John Adams was nominated, and then renominated, by an informal Congressional caucus, as also was Thomas Jefferson; but for some time after the birth of the young Republic political influence was largely in the hands of small groups of leaders representing various phases of national policy, and candidates were chosen by the Electors. The battle for the prize was fought out only in the newspapers and on the stump. Then followed the State legislative caucus, and the Congressional caucus to nominate Presidential candidates. To this system at last succeeded nominating conventions. This system, the one now in vogue, began as far back as 1813 in New York and was initiated by the Tammany Society. The States gradually adopted the new system and by 1835 it had become the settled system of all political parties.

At the election of 1832, for the first time all Presidential candidates were nominated by national conventions. The Republicans held their convention first, in Baltimore, December 12, 1831, nominating, for President, Henry Clay of Kentucky, and for Vice President, John Sergeant of Pennsylvania. The Democratic Convention, which also met at Baltimore, nominated for President Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, for Vice President, Martin Van Buren of New York.

In this campaign, resulting in the election of Jackson and Van Buren, a platform for the first time was adopted by a political party, the Democrats declaring for adequate protection of American industries, and for civil service.

BIRTH OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

THE Republicans had no platform in this election but formulated one in 1836. As the years rolled on and the country grew and new issues confronted our nation, platforms became longer and more complex, and the Republican Party is said to have been first organized in Washington on June 19, 1855, as a result of a split in the Whig Party over the slavery question. In the same year the new party, known as the Washington Republican Organization, issued its first platform. It was on Washington's birthday, 1856, that the Republican National Party was organized. There were many famous men in the first Republican delegation in 1860 and it was at this Convention that Abraham Lincoln was nominated.

A notable Convention, too, was the one that nominated Ulysses S. Grant. Grant for some years had been a Democrat and, when his name was mooted for the Presidency, his attitude in the matter closely resembled that of Hoover of today. After his nomination and subsequent election by the Republicans, however, from that time on the General was a "Stalwart." Some of the noted men at the Convention were Henry S. Lane, Walter Q. Gresham, Eugene Hale, Neal Dow (later on a prohibition Presidential candidate), Carl Schurz, William F. Chandler, General Sickles, Chauncey M. Depew, and Horace Greeley.

In 1872 General Grant was again nominated unani-

mously. But disunion had crept into the party, and at the Convention of 1876 the supposedly invincible James G. Blaine of Maine went down in defeat before Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio.

It was at the ensuing election that for the first time in the history of the country Congress was called upon to decide which of two candidates had been elected, President Hayes' vote being 185 and Tilden's 184, the popular vote giving Tilden a plurality. Tilden offered no fight, and Hayes got the prize by one Electoral vote.

In 1880 Grant was defeated for a third term, a dark horse, James A. Garfield of Ohio, winning the nomination and the election. His assassination a few months later by Guiteau gave Chester A. Arthur almost a full term, and then followed the terms of Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Woodrow Wilson.

POPULARITY OF THE MILITARY HERO

IS it Kismet that decides upon whose shoulders the Presidential mantle shall descend? Is it the mysterious workings of some immutable law—a law of natural selection? Does it depend solely upon some adventitious circumstance—a lucky phrase embedded in some oratorical outburst, for example, or a spectacular military exploit—or upon the caprice of the people who tired of one Administration, long for a change and some new Moses to lead them into the Promised Land?

Our wars, for example, have made Presidents, and brought many more very close to the office. The Revolution gave us Gen. George Washington and James Monroe; the War of 1812 Andrew Jackson ("Old Hickory"), William Henry Harrison, and the nomination of Gen. Lewis Cass; the Mexican War Zachary Taylor; the Civil War General Grant, and also giving nominations to Generals McClellan and Hancock; the Spanish War Colonel Roosevelt. The people love a military hero. As a distinguished statesman, Carl Schurz, once put it, "American voters dearly love the smell

of gunpowder upon the garments of their Presidential candidates."

On the other hand, the disciples of Blackstone have also bulked large as candidates for the exalted office of Chief Magistrate. Jefferson, Madison, Van Buren, Lincoln, Garfield, Taft—all were lawyers; in fact, nineteen of our Presidents were practising lawyers when elected. From which it would seem that the law is a good route to greatness.

The United States is now a world-power and the Executive power is immensely greater today than it was. The prophecy of Chancellor Kent, however, in his discussion of the method of electing our Presidents, "If ever the tranquillity of this Nation is to be disturbed and its liberties endangered by a struggle for power, it will be upon this very subject of the choice of a President," seems to be in no danger of fulfillment.

THE PHRASE THAT KILLS

"FOH! a fico for the phrase!" wrote Shakespeare. Some phrases, however, are not to be disposed of quite so contemptuously, for they have had the power of changing history.

Such a phrase was the "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" alliteration that lost James G. Blaine the Presidency. Coined by Dr. Burchard, one of Blaine's ardent supporters, who at the time (1884) was representing a delegation of New York and Brooklyn clergy, it swung the election from Blaine to Cleveland.

Mr. Blaine, in a private letter, thus comments upon it:

"As the Lord sent us an ass in the shape of a preacher and a rain storm to lessen our vote in New York, I am disposed to feel resigned to the dispensation of defeat which flowed directly from these agencies."

Dr. Burchard himself thus retorted:

"How should I, an unsophisticated clergyman, be supposed to know that Mr. Blaine was engaged in a still hunt for the Catholic vote, or that the Republican machine in this city was secretly dickering for the liquor vote?"

Another phrase which, like the shot fired by the "embattled farmers" resounded throughout the world, was the "Cross of Gold" phrase used in the closing moments of the most eventful Democratic Convention in history, in 1899, by Mr. Bryan, who borrowed it from Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts: "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," was his ringing conclusion to an eloquent peroration.

It came at the psychological moment and swept the convention off its feet, incidentally bringing fame to William Jennings Bryan. From that moment Mr. Bryan became the "Boy Orator of the Platte," the "Peerless Leader" from Nebraska, the "Great Commoner"—and a formidable aspirant for the Presidency.

Bryan's speech on this historic occasion was, a correspondent wired his paper, "Poppycock and jingoism, but eloquent poppycock and jingoism that had a sincerity and ring of noble defiance."

The latest campaign cry, used by the Democrats in 1916, was their plea, "He [Wilson] kept us out of war!" which John A. Stewart, President of the Republican League of Clubs, declares "was effective only because the Republicans made it effective by not replying to his issue in terms of preparedness and of American patriotism."

Later this phrase was powerfully supplemented by President Wilson's "making the world safe for democracy."

A long way back in our political history, it was his reply to Lincoln's clever, thrusting question on a crucial issue (the slavery question) that destroyed Douglas for the Presidency, at the same time rendering Lincoln's senatorial aspirations hopeless, but later smoothing his way to the White House.

"Trifles, light as air," that decree a nation's destiny!

STAMPEDING A CONVENTION

ONCE in a while it is some dramatic incident at a Convention that perhaps "stampedes" it, and makes or unmakes a Presidential candidate.

At the Republican National Convention in Minneapolis, in 1892, the contest raged around Benjamin Harrison, James

G. Blaine and a woman—Mrs. Carson Lake. At the end of a speech by W. H. Eustiss of Minnesota, who seconded Blaine's nomination, came the "stampede" that nearly swept away New's carefully worked-out plan. With Eustiss's closing words there rose from the gallery seat, just behind the speaker's platform, a woman. She was Mrs. Carson Lake, the wife of a New York newspaper man, the personal confidant of Blaine. In full view of the 12,000 people Mrs. Lake stepped to the rail and opened a white silk parasol. With the crowd clapping and cheering Eustiss's speech, she raised and lowered the parasol with rhythmic precision. Keeping time to the cheering, then leading it, the white silk parasol opened and closed. One by one different sections of the auditorium caught her spirit, then wanted her leadership. The white parasol rose and fell. Finally the floor and galleries were on their feet, cheering as they never had intended to cheer. Only those who had their backs to her—the men who sat on the platform—retained their seats. They could not see her. Dressed in light brown, trimmed with a little black, a network of Cluny lace across her bodice, a fashionable straw hat, under which rolled her thick brown hair, she smiled down on the crowd, a charming little woman with oval face and large brown eyes. For fifteen minutes pandemonium reigned; the parasol moved with the same measured beat. Then, a man handing her an American flag, she dropped the parasol, and leaning over the railing waved the standard. The cheering organized into the old campaign chant:

"Blaine! Blaine!
James G. Blaine!"

A band tried to play. It was drowned out. Chairman McKinley hammered with his gavel. The pandemonium redoubled. Harrison's lieutenants began to show alarm. They feared that, if the "stampede" lasted much longer, Blaine would get the nomination. Then Mrs. Lake, thinking her husband was beckoning her, left her position in the gallery and, slipping through the crowd, joined him. This broke the "spell." The psychological effect of the white parasol, the smiling, had spent itself. There was a weak attempt to con-

tinue the cheering, but it failed. Order was restored, and the minutes of hysteria over, the Harrison delegates sheepishly resumed their seats and voted their man into the nomination. It was after this that Blaine said: "I am the Henry Clay of the Republican Party. I can never be President." He was a fatalist.

It was a woman, too, at the Chicago Republican Convention in 1912, who stampeded things for a while for Roosevelt, completely overwhelming Missouri's favorite, Hadley. This lady, Mrs. Davis, a Chicago Juno, fairly electrified the Convention by her beauty and magnetism as, raising her tall, sinuous body and leaning forward she sang, in measured rhythm: "We want Teddy! We want Teddy!"

WHY GENERAL WOOD WITHDREW

PERHAPS Major-General Leonard Wood would now be President of the United States instead of the leading Republican candidate, had it not been for an impulse of an ex-President, at the Oyster Bay end of a long-distance telephone message from the Convention floor at Chicago on June 9, 1916. There had been a tacit understanding that Theodore Roosevelt would support General Leonard Wood, if the delegates could not agree upon Roosevelt. After days of effort the Roosevelt delegates found themselves outnumbered by Hughes men. At the eleventh hour they called up Teddy on the long distance. "You cannot be nominated," they told him, expecting him to come out for Wood, and awaiting his answer. "I am the only man who can be elected on the Republican ticket," shot back the answer from Oyster Bay, and click—down went the receiver. That ended it. Roosevelt was beaten for the nomination. General Wood ordered his supporters to withdraw his name.

In selecting a Presidential candidate are either of the two great parties likely seriously to consider a man who refuses to align himself with one or the other? We are told that Mr. Hoover is unable to say whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, "because he is thinking in terms of issues and not in terms of party organization." Once a progressive Repub-

lican, he is now an independent progressive. He has a quarrel with both parties—the Republican for being too reactionary; the Democratic for being too radical; but, in Mr. Bryan's opinion, "he must choose between the parties even though neither pleases him." Mr. Hoover has since declared his willingness to accept the Republican nomination "if it is felt that the issues necessitate it, and it is demanded of me."

Another possibility, Representative Champ Clark, in a letter indicating that he is a receptive candidate for the Presidency, writes:

"No man will decline a Presidential nomination tendered freely by a great party, for the Presidency of the United States is not only the most powerful office known to our political system, but the greatest ever devised by the wit of man. It should not be bestowed upon any man to gratify his personal ambition, but solely for the good of the country; for the only reason for a political party is to promote the prosperity, the happiness and the glory of the American people."

Benjamin Franklin's opinion was that office should neither be sought nor refused. Few men have declined the Greatest Office, and fewer still have been taken seriously when they did. Few men, too, on starting out in life, have had any office-holding obsession. As to this it is related that when Chief-Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court was asked when a boy what he intended to be when he became a man, he replied that he was undecided as to whether to be President or Chief Justice!

Repeated defeats do not damp the ardor of some Presidential aspirants, and Mr. Bryan, after leading his party to defeat three times, is said to have remarked, "The Democratic Party has been my best asset." He is again willing (like *Barkis*) to run for the Presidency a fourth time on the Democratic ticket, and has issued a statement "defining his attitude," which runs, in part:

"I recognize it to be the duty of the citizen to respond to the calls of his country in peace or war. Therefore, if the situation became such that my nomination was actually demanded, as in time of war a soldier's life is actually demanded

on the battlefield, I would feel it my duty to consider it, but I hope no such situation will arise and I do not now see any probability that such a situation will arise."

In 1888 James G. Blaine, the Plumed Knight from Maine, in refusing the nomination, remarked, "I led my party to defeat once, and I do not care to repeat that responsibility." Some recent candidates have displayed no such delicate scruples.

WOMAN VOTER AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY

THE issues of the 1920 campaign are taking form; but so far the Democrats, like *Brer Rabbit,* are lying low. They have made no announcement as yet of what particular issues they stand for. They seem to be "standing pat" on their war record, or they wait the sign from the White House. Some leading Republican battle cries are: "Preservation of American ideals," "Nationalism *versus* Internationalism," "Conservation and red-blooded Americanism," "Economy *versus* Extravagance."

Prominent women, country wide, are taking an active, militant part in the present campaign, carrying on their canvass for their favorite candidate more especially among new voters. General Wood's campaign, for example, is in the hands of Miss Harriet Vittum; while Mrs. Katherine Edson of California is running Senator Johnson's campaign. Mrs. Margaret M. Crumpacker, the widow of Federal Judge Crumpacker of Indiana, is also aiding Senator Johnson, and is Chairman of the Woman's Committee. "I like people who fight for what they believe," she says, as explaining her championship of Hiram Johnson. Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois is being helped by Mrs. Fletcher Dobyns, who is the manager of his campaign. Mrs. John G. South of Kentucky is Chairman of the Women's Division of the Republican National Committee, and Mrs. George Bass of Chicago is a member of the Democratic National Committee. At the Conventions this year there will be a number of women delegates.

So, the battle is on, the issue joined, but no one can accurately forecast who, of the many that are called, will be

chosen to represent the Nation in this period of socialistic and bolshevistic ferment, and conduct it safely over the treacherous quicksands of radical thought and legislation.

Forecasts are more than ever likely to be fallacious in this campaign because of the woman vote. This campaign, for the first time, brings women into the full Presidential suffrage power. There are 20,000,000 women voters. What will influence their Presidential votes? Will the power of personality exert its usual sway over women voters; or local or sectional pride prove the strongest magnet; will women endow their favorite with certain ideals dear to femininity, or will they subordinate all these to a candidate viewed through domestic, economic spectacles?

Will women now become a dangerous factor in national affairs, by attempting to seize the reins of power politically, or will they be satisfied, for the most part, to yet follow man's guidance?

LOVE'S LEGEND

By DANIEL HENDERSON

Love writes no ending to his fragrant book!
What though the page shuts on Francesco's bliss?
Or on the flame that was Semiramis?
On Guinevere, who all for love forsook?
On Highland Mary, trysting by her brook?
On Dante's yearning? Or on Juliet's kiss?
Romance inscribes such glowing tales as this
In lives today, wherever one may look!

Love writes no ending! Dear, your heart and mine
Blend in a scroll which for a time too brief
Trembles and burns beneath the legend's glory!
Obscure, we yet descend from Helen's line,
And all who greatly loved live in our leaf,
Rekindling their sweet ardors in our story!

"BUNK" IN AMERICANIZATION

A LAUDABLE PROPAGANDA INFECTED BY IGNORANCE

By Prof. Sarka B. Hrbkova

WE remember hearing somewhere, once upon a time, the story of a certain Irish captain, who, in ordering uniforms for his company, to save time, had the tallest man and also the shortest accurately measured, divided the sum of the measurements by two, and thus expeditiously arriving at an average (?) ordered uniforms for the entire company. It is unnecessary to add that, as a result, not a suit fitted and great was the rage of the captain to find that his men absolutely would not fit into the uniforms he had devised for them.

It is inconceivable to the army of "Americanizers" who are abroad in the land "seeking whom they may devour" why the "alien" (anyone who speaks another language instead of English or even in addition to English is so classified by the professional "Americanizer") refuses to be melted and moulded instanter into the pattern all duly described in the handbook issued by the particular organization said "Americanizer" is representing.

Today practically every national organization in the United States, religious, social, industrial, economic and political has incorporated an Americanization department in its sphere of activities. Their combined funds to be spent for "Americanization programs" runs up into the tens of millions. Then there are hundreds of other organizations of State or local significance which have undertaken the same ambitious program.

Out of this feverish and fanatical rush of first aiders to the injured, it cannot be said that any one organization has

clearly defined a national ideal of what is really meant by Americanism. In all fairness to the leading men and women in above mentioned organizations it must be said that some of them actually have in mind an ideal of what they would like to attain as far as the immigrant element is concerned. Unfortunately, however, their assistants, sub-assistants, and minor "field-workers"—those who have the actual contact with the individual immigrant have, as a rule, a most chaotic and hazy notion of the *"quod erat demonstrandum,"* and their flounderings only serve to roil the waters all the more.

"57 VARIETIES" OF "AMERICANIZATION"

AS a matter of fact "Americanization" does not mean the same thing to any two organizations engaged in their self-appointed tasks. To certain of them, it means merely the naturalization and attainment of citizenship by the foreigner. To others, it means the acceptance of a certain veneer or brand of religion along with the "dose." Some have a broad conception inclusive of every virtue under the sun. Another class, chiefly those heading large industrial establishments, regards Americanization as a fight on radicalism and bolshevism and often linked with it are quasi-foreign or so-called inter-racial organizations which purport to be friendly to the foreign-born in advising them, in highly paid advertisements in the foreign language press, not to take part in strikes or protests against economic injustice, though the latter term is never so used, for obvious reasons.

The "57 varieties" of Americanization programs proposed by national, State or local organizations in more or less incoherent or general terms which sound big and inflatedly Fourth-of-Julyish involve the expenditure of millions of good American dollars. From such an investment one should reasonably expect some results. The "outward visible signs" of the immense outlay consist of probably 50,000 jobs for as many persons who two years ago had never heard of "Americanization" and didn't know or care a rap about the immigrant, or his troubles or our problems in having him in the United States. But today—avaunt! they are full-fledged

"Americanizers" and glibly discuss at Mrs. Astorbilt's luncheon or at a prayer meeting of the Pink Teatotallers how they are implanting "American ideals" in the lowly foreigner and his more lowly wife.

One is reminded of the "special course" advertisements which assure the reader of a return of loads of money after taking and "no previous knowledge of the subject necessary." The analogy is not at all far fetched. The summer sessions of practically every university, college and normal school in the United States last year offered "special courses in Americanization" and innumerable institutions are this year offering similar courses. Whence came this horde of "expert authorities in Americanization" who today by their own honest confession know all there is to know on the subject but yesterday were not wise enough to utter a single word of warning to a waiting multitude of the dangers lurking in the immigrant masses? Did they spring, Minerva-like, all equipped with this special intelligence from the brain of some modern Only Original Americanizer? The naiveness of this erudite group of Americanizers is characterized in the example of one of them, a professor in a certain Western university, who not long after advertising a series of extension lectures on "The Causes of the War" and "European Peoples" asked the writer if the Bohemian people and the Hungarians were not one and the same. When told of their vastly different origin, the Czechs or Bohemians being Indo-European and the Hungarians or Magyars of Ural-Altaic or Mongolian stock, this authority (?) on the "causes of the war" exclaimed, "Oh, yes, yes, I made a mistake. The Bohemians are the same as the Germans, aren't they?" One can't help sighing "What's the use?" when university professors, posing as authorities, continue benighted. Nor can one wonder that the mass of the people know so little of those they are bent on "Americanizing" when a representative of the highest "intelligentsia" of the State has such an addled understanding of the whole situation.

THE LAST REFUGE OF FAILURES

AMERICANS are quick at adaptation—too quick sometimes, one meditates—and readily adjust themselves to the needs of the moment. In a sense Americans are opportunists if not always for pecuniary reasons then for their real desire to be of service. But unfortunately all the Minute Men who sprang to the "aid of their country" when the wave of Americanization first began to sweep over the country were not actuated by purely patriotic zeal or armed with the weapons of real understanding. A member of the California Commission on Immigration and Housing which, by the way, very emphatically eschews the use of the word "Americanization" in connection with its very real services, which are only incidentally patriotic and never offensively or too obviously of that character, said recently, "The trouble is that every one who has failed at everything else thinks he's exactly cut out to do Americanization work." It is a fact that one of the men appointed as a regional director of Americanization with about eight States under his direction confessed to the writer that he had no idea what Americanization was nor had he ever had dealings with the foreign-born, let alone devoting even an hour's study to their needs or problems. Yet he jumped at the chance to be "Regional Director of Americanization" and would as soon have thought of cutting off his own nose as to refuse the appointment. No American ever admits his lack of fitness for a job. Versatility or the assumption of it is a truly American characteristic. That the bluff succeeds frequently does not make it any the less a bluff.

Not only are these hundreds of Americanizers to a great degree guiltless of any knowledge of immigrant backgrounds but many do not even have a broad American knowledge of United States conditions into which they blithely undertake to fit the foreigner.

The persistent confusion exists in the popular mind that no one can be an American who does not readily understand, read and speak the English language. Senator Kenyon's

bill (S. 3315—entitled "Americanization of Aliens") provides for the expenditure of $6,500,000 annually after June 30, 1920, for "compulsory teaching of English to illiterates and those unable to speak, read or write the English language."

Secretary Lane in his report to the President says: "Twenty-five percent of the 1,600,000 men between 21 and 31 years of age who were first drafted into the Army could not read nor write our language, and tens of thousands could not speak it nor understand it. To them the daily paper telling what Von Hindenburg was doing was a blur. To them the appeals of Hoover came by word of mouth, if at all. To them the messages of their commander-in-chief were as so much blank paper. To them the word of mother or sweetheart came filtering in through other eyes that had to read their letters.

RUSH OF FOREIGN-BORN TO ENLIST

WHILE the Secretary's pity for some of the foreign-born may not be amiss, it certainly cannot apply to those who could speak, read or write some other language than English. It is absurd to suppose that because many of the men were ignorant of English, "the daily paper telling what Von Hindenburg was doing was a blur." Thousands of those men were diligently reading in another tongue, to be sure, every move made in the theater of war. They knew, moreover, the very territory over which the Armies were moving and had a more vital interest in the success of the Allied Armies than many of the native-born in this country could ever conjure up. Else why did tens of thousands of Czechs, Slovaks, Poles, Jugoslavs (Croatians, Slovakes, Serbians), Italians and others enlist in the United States Army and not wait for the draft? It is an actual fact that Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Colfax County, Nebraska, and other typical communities, were not compelled to exercise the draft because of the large number of enlistments on the part of young men of Czech stock. Among the first 500 enlistments in the United States Army in Chicago it is reported that over

twenty-five percent were men of Czechoslovak blood.

The largest single Red Cross Chapter in Cleveland, Ohio, consisted of over 500 Czech women, many of whom could not speak English, but they understood what it was to be an American for they felt and thought and acted the American part and were in perfect sympathy with the spirit of our land.

A most enlightening commentary on the response of the various nationalities in the United States to the Liberty Loan is shown in a report of the Treasury Department on "The Foreign Elements in the Third Liberty Loan." This is based on a report of the Foreign Language Division of the Federal Reserve Districts. It shows that the total amount subscribed by Americans of foreign descent is $741,437,000, representing forty-one and one-half percent of the total number of subscribers in the entire country. The huge sum was subscribed by 7,061,305 individuals of foreign groups. The Czechs, while representing only one and seven-tenths percent of the general foreign population bought nearly twelve percent of all the bonds bought by persons of foreign descent or seven times as much as was their proportionate quota. In precise figures, the Czechs, consisting of 539,392 individuals and composing one and seven-tenths percent of the foreign-born population of the United States, purchased $31,750,-550,000 worth of bonds.

It is quite pertinent, too, to point to the fact that during the months of January and February of the present year the Czechoslovak Division of the Foreign Language Information Service of the American Red Cross has received 378 calls from Czechoslovaks who served in the United States Army. These men, writing in their native language, make appeals ranging from questions on war risk insurance, income tax, lessons in English and United States citizenship, naturalization papers, back pay, re-employment, location of relatives, to questions on health and calls for Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps which they had paid for in camp but had not yet received.

None of these men could write English or read it understandingly if at all, but all of them were informed on matters

pertaining to the United States Government, especially to the war and treasury departments, and were refreshingly loyal and staunch in their praise and support of the United States Government. Many of them had fought a desperate fight to be allowed to serve the United States during the war, for at first our American government was disposed to regard all individuals who came from Central Europe as enemy aliens, an intolerable situation which would never have obtained had our government been informed of the anti-Hapsburg history of the Czecho-Slovaks.

The Lincoln (Neb.) *Star* in this respect says, in its issue of April 7, 1918:

> "There is perhaps no class which has entered into the war against Germany as whole-heartedly and vigorously as the Americans of Bohemian descent. They have been leaders in responding to the call to colors, in the purchase of Liberty Bonds and in aiding the Red Cross. The University Bohemian "Komensky" Club, typical of the spirit of all Bohemians in Nebraska, sold more Liberty Bonds than any other university organization and the club was the first to pledge money to the Red Triangle. Even before the United States had formally declared war the Bohemian societies in this country sent out literature to its members urging them to financially support the American government in case war was declared. The sacredness of democracy is uppermost in the heart of the Bohemian. The American of Bohemian stock shares, with the love of democracy in this country, a kindred love for democracy in Bohemia. Prussianism has no more bitter enemy than the Bohemian. There is today an army of 160,000 Czechs fighting in France. When the kaiser's brutal arm has been bended and the liberty of humanity assured the world will find that Bohemia has done more than its share."

THE REAL "ALIEN ENEMIES"

THE indiscriminate "bunching" of all foreign-born peoples with the disloyal element among the Germans has aroused the resentment of great groups of non-German and non-Magyar origin who unhesitatingly and faithfully supported the United States Government when it most needed that moral and substantial backing.

Somehow the public has lost sight of the fact that it was not the Slav or Italic element in our population that betrayed the United States' cause, but that it was members of the Teutonic and Hungarian groups who failed in their support of

the American cause. Moreover, the "traitors" in our time of stress were not foreigners unacquainted with English, but English-speaking American citizens of Teuton origin.

Nevertheless a perfect frenzy of attacks on all foreign-speaking peoples set in and State legislatures proceeded to enact laws, and local organizations at once began practicing a highly Prussianized treatment of all the foreign-speaking population.

During the war it was fully understandable that measures should be taken to suppress an enemy language but the extension of the prohibition to the languages spoken by our Allies in the world struggle is establishing a precedent unheard of even in Berlin. A prominent Iowa lawyer, in discussing the drastic measures of Governor Harding, writes: "We of Czecho-Slovak blood were good enough for America during the war to support the government with our lives and our fortunes, but, before the struggle overseas is fairly won, we are ignobly classed with our enemies and the language in which we all did faithful American propaganda service is suppressed." A woman who worked indefatigably for American war relief in Nebraska states: "Nebraskans refuse to differentiate between the friendly and the enemy nations. This morning my aged mother, who has knitted industriously for the Red Cross throughout the war but who can speak only the Bohemian language, was roughly treated by some extremists of native birth for using the Czech (Bohemian) language in speaking over the telephone to me."

FRENZIED LEGISLATION AGAINST FOREIGN-BORN

THE Siman language law passed early in 1919 by the legislature of Nebraska, while aimed ostensibly at the German parochial schools, wiped out temporarily instruction in every language except English. A decision of the Supreme Court handed down in December, 1919, is to the effect that all instruction in public, parochial and denominational schools must be given in the English language up to and including the eighth grade, but permits people who send their children to the American public schools to provide for them foreign-lan-

guage instruction in Saturday, Sunday or vacation schools outside of public school hours. This decision saves the day for Nebraska, which thus provides its rising generation with a thorough education in the English language but does not deprive it of the advantage and opportunity of instruction in other languages as well.

Another piece of legislation, signed January 20, 1920, by the Governor of Oregon, which may yet prove sadly retroactive, was the act making it unlawful to print, publish, circulate, display, sell or offer for sale any newspaper and periodical in any language other than the English, unless the same contain a literal translation thereof in the English language of the same type and as conspicuously displayed, and providing a penalty therefor of imprisonment in the county jail not to exceed six months or by fine not exceeding five hundred dollars ($500), or by both such imprisonment and fine.

Is Oregon to be a State abjuring the knowledge and culture by which its citizens could profit through other than English sources? Are we really developing into an exclusive one-language people?

That the Czecho-Slovaks regard the acquirement of the English language as not only desirable for a necessary patriotic duty, is evident from the thousands of expressions on the subject. Such representative men of Europe as Charles Pelant writes: "The Czecho-Slovaks must be regarded as a nation whose second language is English. We must have English taught in our schools."

It may surprise many "Americanizers" to know that the most effective, in fact the only, "Americanization" efforts made among the Czechs long before the recent hysteria had seized on the native-born were the results of the work of the Czechs themselves. No American took any interest in them except at election times, so forthwith they themselves set about learning the first steps in the process of becoming Americans. No fewer than thirty-five English interpreters, grammars and dictionaries have been written and published by Czechs and almost an equal number of works on how to attain American citizenship. The Czechs and latterly the

Slovak newspapers and periodicals have published series of lessons on the American Constitution and on civics in general and have for years devoted columns to articles on the Americanism of leaders like Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and Wilson. Practically every masterpiece of American literature—both prose and poetry—has been translated into the Czech language and widely circulated in the justified belief that the truest knowledge of the nation of Americans can come through intimate acquaintance with its literature.

It is noteworthy, too, that the Czecho-Slovak press in the United States published in 1919 alone upwards of 520 releases from United States Government departments, issued by the Czecho-Slovak Bureau of the Foreign Language Governmental Information Service and has co-operated whole-heartedly in every effort to provide its readers with authentic and dependable information about the activities of governmental agencies. The official organs of large Czech and Slovak organizations constantly urge their readers to learn English and to take an active part in all community undertakings. Practically every one of them now has from one to ten pages devoted to informational articles in the English language. Most of these organizations open their lodge meetings by singing "America."

AN INTELLIGENT AND PATRIOTIC CITIZENRY

THE spirit of America finds an echo in the heart of every Czecho-Slovak and in them it will find an intelligent and patriotic citizenry. It is the practice of certain Americans and not the principle of Americanism that is objectionable to the residents of foreign stock. It is all very beautiful for the native-born to rant in high-sounding phrases of the principles of freedom, equality and justice which our country supports, but it is rather disillusioning to read, in the news columns of every paper, article after article telling of political graft and crookedness, business profiteering and industrial wrongs. The effect of the chauvinistic editorial is refuted by the proof of actual daily occurrences and experiences.

The *Denní Hlasatel* of Chicago pertinently remarks:

> "It seems to us highly necessary that Americanization should begin at home, among those who so loudly demand the Americanization of foreigners, among capitalists and those who are their willing and blind instruments, whether they sit in the seats of legislative assemblies, or at editorial desks or stand in pulpits. Everyone must own that the conscienceless profiteer cannot be a good American for he is a bad man. To us, a good man and a good American have come to be a synonymous conception. When everyone who has in his heart a desire for the welfare of this land, will work to bring about these conceptions, then Americanization will be accomplished rapidly to the satisfaction and joy of all good people regardless of what origin."

The attempt to distract attention from the real point in the industrial issue by confounding it with the problem of the foreigner and making it appear that he is the disturbing element is a trick perceived early in the game by others as well as socialist publications. The *St. Louiské Listy,* published at St. Louis, Mo., in an editorial entitled "What Do We Mean by Americanism?" after statistically proving that the majority of leaders in the strikes are full-blooded, native-born Americans, asserts that:

> "Hardly had the foreign element become accustomed to American standards and demanded better pay and better living conditions when the employers imported a new supply of foreigners who were not yet 'Americanized.' In the recent steel strike, the Steel Company imported negroes, Greeks and Mexicans who were willing to work under conditions which the strikers regarded as intolerable. * * * We naturally desire to have every citizen of this land sympathize with American ideals but we do not see how American ideals can be separated from the American standards of living. And if the immigrant is to accept American institutions, he must unquestionably be given a wage making it possible for him to live like an American citizen. * * * As far as we are concerned if 'Americanism' signifies anything, it should signify justice, freedom and genuine liberty. We advocate with all our strength the 'Americanization' of our foreign-born population by educational methods and protective legislation but we doubt that anyone will be convinced he is in 'the land of the free and the home of the brave' when he is denied the right of vote, or believe that he is justly dealt with when a wage commensurate with decent living is denied him. Americanism based on the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution will find a response in every intelligent and faithful citizen and there will be no difficulty whatever with the immigrant when the American standard of living will go hand in hand with the American form of just, lawful government. But the word 'American-

ization' must not be used to conceal tyranny, militarism and industrial persecution. Americanization is in truth necessary in this land but it is the selfish plutocratic class that needs it most."

The excellent schooling facilities in Bohemia, which are justly a cause for pride to the Czechs, have given the members of that group unusual opportunities for social expansion. Among the immigrants over fourteen years of age who knocked at our gates, in the last score of years, the Czechs have an average of only a small fraction over one per cent of illiterates as against the Germans with about six per cent of illiterates and Magyars and North Italians with twelve per cent.

Since 1899, or in the last twenty years, 141,669 Czechs and 480,286 Slovaks have immigrated to America. The majority of the Czechs belong to the older and settled immigrants for they go chiefly to the agricultural States. They have become citizens, bear their burden of the responsibilities of the communities where they live equally with the native-born. Admiration for the free institutions of this government has ever characterized them, and because they are inveterate readers and active in community work, they have kept abreast of the spirit of the times. But they cannot understand why, after being Americans for a generation or more, they are now to be "Americanized."

RECOMPENSE

By J. Corson Miller

Against the keen-edged winds of life
That pitilessly leap and dart,
You warmed me with true mother-love,
At the fires of your heart.

Now that your days of bloom are spent,
And Age, slow-creeping, chills your form,
Close-sheltered in my filial love,
What matters cold or storm?

OUR NATIONAL THEATRE AUDIENCES

THEIR LIKES AND DISLIKES

By GUY BATES POST

A close-observing, thoughtful actor's impressions of the audiences he has played to. Mr. Post, who has had a great success in "Omar the Tent-Maker," and who draws larger audiences outside the metropolis than probably any other actor, analyzes American theatregoers, and tells what an actor should do to win their favor.

AN actor who has the privilege of appearing before American audiences, in the large theatres as well as the small ones, during the course of his tour is often thrown back upon the resources of his own mind. There was a time, early in my career, when I watched the panorama of the United States from the car window, in a sleepy apathetic fashion. There was a woman in one of our companies who was remarkable to me for the eagerness with which she stabbed at fields and fences, woods and rivers, hills and valleys as if she had never seen them before, and yet she had traveled the trail of the theatre across country long enough to become hardened.

She gave me a new impulse, because she never wearied of the road. She explained to me that she was "discovering America." She insisted it was something we could all do if we would only unloose the imagination that most of us had in childhood. What she meant was that we should touch the open spaces that bordered the railroad tracks, with the same fancy that we had in childhood, when tree trunks were Indians, or, when someone said "bang" to us, it had all the thrill of a real rifle. I can't do better, in placing my impression of the road before you, than to credit this woman with the peculiar gift of finding new interest in old things. She

varied her observations. One year she devoted her studies from the car windows to the rural outlook. Another year she made elaborate notes of the people she saw in the stations, of the houses and the general atmosphere of cities. She asked me a question one day which started me along the train of thought here set down.

"Is there any difference to you between the fields of Minnesota and the Mohawk Valley, or, if I were to speak of a field in Michigan which you have seen, would it be an entirely different field in your mind than if I had spoken of another field, which you had seen in Ohio?"

A NEW RECREATION FOR ACTORS

THIS woman was getting something out of America that I was yet to find on the road. I followed her advice, I began to watch the fields and hills from the car window, found myself comparing them with scenery in other States, and discovering the difference. Farm lands in America are not all alike. Recall to your mind the distinct differences that you have discovered by close observation, and it will start a train of thought that sets you roaming in a way bewildering and delightful. It was a year later that I was able to write to this actress who got me thinking about fields and woods, what differences I had discovered in them, and what these differences conveyed to me. This was the beginning of a new recreation for the tired actor on the road. It became a habit to fasten in the mind certain impressions, to attach them on one's self, and enjoy long conversations with them, silently. That is how I began to compare our national audiences. After years spent before audiences, up and down, back and across America, I have gained some definite views as to the differences there are in them. These impressions were stimulated by actual experiences, as an actor, I had with these audiences. They were very puzzling, and set me wondering. Why, for example, should a scene be generously applauded in Chicago, and fail to strike a single responsive chord in the audience in Los Angeles? This was one of the recurring queries of many seasons. While they all were susceptible to

the general fact that audiences are identical, be they in Bangor or San Francisco, still, each of the various audiences had perceptible differences. Each of them belong, in analysis, to mob psychology. They were influenced by different impulses. An observing actor discovers, therefore, that these differences in our national audiences spring from mental conditions. The warmth and coldness, approval and disapproval, lethargy and interest are all mental states, transmitted from one person to another until they become a supreme force in the personality of audiences.

COLD AND WARM AUDIENCES

IT is part of the actor's sensibilities to gauge the shifting emotions of an audience. For instance, I have played to an audience in Kansas, disconcertingly chill at the rise of the curtain, yet seen it slowly melt under the enthusiastic inspiration of six farmhands in the gallery, who shouted, stamped with their feet and clapped with their hands every moment of the play that pleased them. By the end of the second act, the entire audience had been fired by their enthusiasm, and brought the actors out for a curtain call. My experience told me, that had it not been for those six men in the gallery, we should have had but scant applause at the end of the play. I don't mean that Kansas audiences are notoriously cold, because I have had similar experiences in other States. There has been no close investigation of the unexplainable attitude of audiences at different times. There are nights when the audience does not respond, yet the following night, in the same theatre, the audience would embrace you. I don't pretend to know the answer, but I have reached certain conclusions for them. On the stage we blame it on several things—on a poor orchestra, on delays in ringing up the curtain, on noisy stage-hands, on traffic annoyances encountered by the audience in reaching the theatre, on the weather. Chiefly I believe the blame lies with the actor,—the thoughts given out by an actor or the moods with which we inspire an audience. Our mood on the stage, on some evenings, may be sour or cold. It is therefore very necessary for an actor, on the

road, to guard against himself, especially the "star." In reaching a small city, the "star" must remember that his appearance has been announced with great expectation. The one night of his performance in that city becomes a social event. People make up dinner for him in their home before going to the theatre, the newspapers and advertisements have endowed the "star" with artistic proportion in the eyes of that audience. They have a right to demand much of him, for they have been promised much. If the actor allows himself to be depressed on that evening, by some slight disappointment in his profession, or personally,—a dull note is bound to creep into his performance on the stage. It will color his action, for it has colored him. If there is one thing that will chill an audience it is this note of depression in the actor. Possibly the actor himself is not conscious of it, nor is the audience able to analyze it. Despite himself the actor makes the audience feel that something is wrong. He is not heart and soul happy in his characterization; his work suggests insincerity and the audience is depressed. As a man is, so will his performance be on the stage. The audience feels these things, and it is reflective in their attitude towards the "star" and the play.

WHAT AN ACTOR MUST DO

I REACH the conclusive decision therefore that an actor on the road must endeavor to influence the mood of an audience. Its appreciation, of course, influences his performance, but he must deserve it. It is not possible for the actor to keep the character of his work always sincere, always the same. One is warmed, and one expands to the applause. It makes the blood-vessels telegraph congratulations to the brain. The actor climbs with the happy mood of an audience.

On the road, actors are often heard to complain of New York audiences, they claim that New Yorkers have little sense of illusion. I have found New York audiences fine, but they differ as they do in different sections of the country. The most appreciative audiences, I believe, are in Chicago. A great deal of fun was poked at Chicago years ago, when

she was making giant strides to establish herself as a great city, that the people felt it necessary to defend their culture. They always had the greatest appreciation of literature, music and the drama. In returning to Chicago again and again, I have watched the evolution of audiences there with much interest. A deep and real civic pride, a determination to appreciate the artistic for fear that they should be judged lacking, gave to Chicago audiences a rare discrimination. The run of "The Masquerader" of a year in New York was justified in Chicago, where the audience gasped in appreciation of the third act, and thundered its applause. In contrast to this, the same scene presented in Santa Barbara, California, where the audience simply warmed the cockles of the heart by its kind and appreciative sense, there was not a sound when the curtain fell on the big scene. The silence was resentful. Big, virile, gay, sun-streaming California didn't like it, didn't care for its morbid elements. No matter how good the acting, the picture found no responsive chord in their souls. This illustrates the peculiar quality of New York audiences that makes actors unneeded. The chief quality is, that no New York audience is the same. And, audiences in other States have a special psychology which an actor on the road discovers. He becomes conscious, convinced, that what an audience in Iowa likes, is not what an audience in San Francisco likes. Now, the New York audience is usually a composite of the national audience, not half of them are New Yorkers. It is a representative national audience. The bride and groom from Ohio have the orchestra chairs beside the two oil men up from Texas to spend their new wealth. Colorado sits beside Virginia, and Maine rubs elbows with Wisconsin. The result is that an actor rarely can tell what scenes the audience is going to like and the scenes that will find them unresponsive. New Yorkers know good acting and are hard to fool; but then so do Indianapolis audiences.

ARE BEDROOM PLAYS LIKED?

TO assist the impression which, as an actor on the road, I have carefully observed, I have grouped the cities whose

audiences differ towards the same play. New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans, Atlanta, Detroit, will stand for plays and situations, the themes and the interpretations of which would make Los Angeles, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Dayton, Minneapolis, Kansas City and Salt Lake turn thumbs down.

Most American audiences do not like the extremely sophisticated play, the "bedroom" play, the satirical, the whimsical—for the excellent reason that these find no echo in their lives. Philadelphia will delight in Oscar Wilde, for example, while the great Middle West would turn him down. A play of homely sentiment that would take blasé New York—wearied with plays of unfaithful wives and risqué farce—by storm, might easily die in the conscious virility of Chicago; yet sweep with success through negatively virile Kansas, Wisconsin and Iowa. An intimate love situation, bordering rather perilously to the edge, would go with never a thought from a San Francisco and Boston audience, whereas Dallas, Texas, might find it something salacious—surely Springfield, Missouri, would.

It was my observation, when playing the *Beachcomber* in "The Bird of Paradise" some years ago, that the audiences of the more sophisticated cities loved me while I was the *Beachcomber*—an unshaven wreck of a man, plied with native wine by *Luana,* the Hawaiian girl, but that with my "reformation" in the second act they considered me an insufferable bore and were on pins and needles while I was on the stage. But there were hundreds of towns and small cities in Wisconsin, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Vermont, Illinois and Ohio who detested "reformed" me. That, off hand, might indicate that the great majority of smaller cities take their drama more seriously than do the big cities; but my experience on the road tells me that most American audiences like the healthy thing, like a presentation of life, as it should be lived, not a phase of it to be avoided. Had I not been "reformed" as the *Beachcomber* I probably would have become terribly unpopular.

SPEEDING UP OUR FOOD PRODUCTION

NEW AND INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

By HON. EDWIN THOMAS MEREDITH
[*U. S. Secretary of Agriculture*]

THE ham you ate this morning for breakfast was passed upon by an inspector of the Bureau of Animal Industry. The method of handling your eggs in storage and transportation has been studied and improved; the Bureau of Chemistry has seen to it that there are no injurious ingredients in your catsup. When you put maple syrup on your cakes, it has seen to it that if the product was labeled maple syrup it was maple syrup. The cotton in your automobile tires is stronger and more durable than that used in the past, because the Department has developed long-staple cotton industries; has taught farmers how to produce cotton of better fiber. Your clothes—the Department touches you there not only through its work with cotton and wool but through its extremely valuable results in developing dyes and dye materials which will help to make us independent of foreign supplies. Your shoes—the specialists have developed methods of treating leather that prolong its life, and other specialists are teaching farmers how to prepare hides and skins with the least damage and waste. Your medicine—the Department sees to it that the labels on it do not say it is a remedy for such and such a thing unless it actually is a remedy. Even in your recreation hours the Department of Agriculture is with you. Its protective hand reaches out to the wild birds and animals and provides game for your hunting. It keeps the National Forests spick-and-span for your vacation.

The Weather Service is a part of the Agricultural Department. It puts out the storm signals; forecasts the

weather; but do you know that it influences the icing of the cars for your fruit? Do you know that it influences the shipment of your vegetables? There are a dozen places the Weather Service touches you that you do not realize. Good roads have been devised and tested by the Bureau of Public Roads, and the wear and tear under all sorts of traffic conditions have been studied by it. This bureau will supervise the expenditure of Government and State funds for roads in the next twelve months of considerably more than half a billion dollars.

The Department of Agriculture is divided into seventeen bureaus, with 21,000 employees, some 4,000 in Washington and 17,000 throughout the United States. The 17,000 come in contact day after day with the farmers and with the business men throughout the country. The present regular appropriation is approximately thirty-three millions. In reality it is something like ten or twelve millions, because approximately two million dollars is set aside for the Weather Service, some six million dollars for the Forest Service, and provision is made also for the maintenance, in part, of the meat-inspection service, for the administration of the Food and Drug Acts, and so on.

OUR EIGHTY-BILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY

I WANT to tell how the Department affects every American. In the first place, realize this, that the industry the Department of Agriculture is designed especially to serve has an invested capital of over eighty billions of dollars. You can take all the railroads in America, all the manufacturing institutions—iron, steel and all the rest—some seventy-five other industries—add them all together, and you will have just met the capital invested in this business of agriculture. The agricultural and live stock product last year was twenty-five billions of dollars, equal in one year to our national debt at the present time—one-half the wealth of France.

Since 1880 there has been a gradual increase of 25 per cent in the yield per acre of the principal crops—25 per cent for the whole country. Notwithstanding the fact that we

have placed under cultivation a great deal of new land, that we have taken deserts and made farms there has been a gradual increase of 25 per cent in the average yield per acre. Corn, for example, increased ten per cent; oats 24 per cent; and potatoes 33 per cent. The acre yields for other field crops have increased 16 per cent. Better methods, the introduction of improved machinery, the development and planting of larger producing varieties, the elimination of plant diseases and insect pests, are some of the factors giving this happy result. And yet some ask whether the farmer is lying down; whether he is doing his part!

Production has also kept up with the increase in population. Fifty years ago, or during the period from 1856 to 1874, the average production per capita of the six principal cereals was 38 bushels. From 1905 to 1914, it was 52 bushels, an increase of 14 bushels. The production of corn increased from 23 bushels to 27 bushels per capita. Wheat increased from 6 1-5 to 8 bushels; oats from 4¾ to 13 bushels; cotton from 36 to 60 pounds per person; and milk from 84 gallons in 1899 to 96 gallons in 1919.

Meats have shown a reduction in production per capita, but we have a larger variety of foods today than we ever had before—more fruits, more vegetables, more cereals—and our diet is more varied. In 1900, there were produced 248 pounds of meat per capita; in 1914, 182 pounds, a decrease of 66 pounds; and in 1919, 222 pounds, an increase over 1914 of 40 pounds per person. Notwithstanding the reduction in the per capita production of meats we are still exporting large quantities.

The farm workers have increased in numbers from 5,900,000 in 1870 to 13,700,000 in 1919, and the production of each farm worker in terms of leading cereals also has increased. In the period from 1856 to 1874, each farm worker produced an average of 266 bushels annually. In the period from 1906 to 1914, the average was 406 bushels, while in the five year, 1915 to 1919, the average production per farm worker was 418 bushels.

IS THE FARMER DOING HIS PART?

THESE figures are interesting, and particularly so in connection with the cause of the high cost of living. The cost of the living problem is a mutual one for all of us. It is the farmers' problem, it is the laborers' problem, and it is the business man's problem, and we must all work together mutually to meet the situation. If there are more men on the farms, farming more acres, each acre producing more per acre, and each man producing more per man, giving each and every one of us today more of the six leading cereals per capita than we have had before, it seems to me the farmer is doing his part pretty well.

During the war, in spite of the labor shortage, the farmers increased their planted acreage by 33,000,000 acres, and their yield by 635,000,000 bushels above the average for the pre-war period. In response to the Deparment's request to increase the acreage of winter wheat in the fall of 1918 to 47,000,000 acres, they actually planted 49,000,000; and the following spring they planted over 22,000,000 acres of spring wheat, which was up to the record. Certainly, we must appreciate that, under the conditions then existing, with the farmers producing food as they produced it, they saved the situation.

You know that when the war broke out we owed Europe some $500,000,000. In a single year the exports of farm products from America increased by $500,000,000 and then the balance was on the other side of the ledger.

STORY OF EGYPTIAN COTTON AND DURUM WHEAT

THERE were, in Arizona and New Mexico and other parts of the Southwest, tens of thousands of acres which grew nothing to speak of. The Agricultural Department brought from Egypt a cotton called Egyptian cotton, and today there is no Egyptian who would recognize it. By careful breeding and careful selection you have today a long staple cotton, one of the very best cottons in the world, and one which adds to the length of life of every garment made from it.

What are the results in dollars and cents? Twenty million dollars' worth of cotton last year, because of a department activity, from a source that would not have existed except for that activity. Twenty million dollars a year right along from one line, and we are spending for the development of our entire agriculture only ten or twelve million dollars a year!

Take Durum Wheat. The same situation existed. In the great Northwest there were thousands of acres of semi-arid land which would not grow crops. So the Department went out and found a hardy drouth-enduring wheat, bred it up, developed it. What does it mean to the United States to have produced each year from twenty to forty-five million bushels of wheat on ground where there would not have been any wheat? It cost, perhaps, a quarter of a million dollars once. A quarter of a million dollars was all that was spent to produce a crop which, year after year, provides fifty million dollars or more, and, directly or indirectly, every individual and every business is benefited.

Take the grain and forage sorghums. The Southwest could not grow Indian corn satisfactorily, so these men in the Department searched the world for other crops that could be grown there. Last year, there were one hundred and twenty-five million bushels of Kafir corn and other grain sorghums produced where before there was none; and a few thousand dollars in the hands of earnest and capable men was responsible for much of this.

HOW WASTE IS ELIMINATED

OUT in California, the Department found cull oranges and cull lemons selling at five dollars a ton. It established a citrus fruit laboratory to discover uses for the culls. As a result, the by-products of lemons last year were 1,500,000 pounds of citric acid, 500,000 pounds of citrate of lime, and 50,000 pounds of lemon oil. Twenty concerns are now engaged in the manufacture of products from cull oranges. The total products last year were six million pounds of marmalades, jellies, and so forth. Isn't that cutting waste?

In northern California there were thousands of acres of land growing nothing. The land was worth five to ten dollars per acre. For less than $200,000 the Department introduced and developed a rice, by foreign exploration, research, and careful breeding, and today a rice crop valued at $21,000,000 is produced in that territory.

You might not have a navel orange today if it were not for the Department of Agriculture. The oldest tree—among the descendants of the Washington Navel Orange which the Department introduced from Brazil—is still growing in the greenhouse on the grounds in Washington. Last year 13,000,000 boxes of California-grown navel oranges were distributed among the people of this country.

Another thing the Department has introduced is the Smyrna fig, but at first the trees would not bear fruit. By careful observation it was found that certain small wasps were the fertilizing agents. The wasps were brought over and still the fig trees were infertile, would not produce. By careful observation and study it was discovered that, besides the Smyrna fig, the wasp required the Capri fig to breed in. The Capri was brought. With the wasp and the Capri fig and the Smyrna fig together, it is all settled and soon America will be producing her own high-quality figs.

There is an interesting story about dates. There is a date industry in America, and it is producing a better date than you can find in any other place in the world. Some of the best dates have but few offshoots a year through which the trees can be multiplied. The inferior dates have twenty or thirty offshoots per year. To prevent the planting of the inferior trees, the Department sends to Egypt for offshoots of the choice varieties. Four thousand dollars spent now means tens of thousands saved in the future.

THE BOLL WEEVIL AND OTHER PESTS

TAKE the cotton boll weevil. You know the fight there has been on this pest for years and years. We have been spending money—and business men have paid some of it in taxes—to fight the insect. It has been discouraging

work, but the experts of the Department did not give up, and now the tide has turned. They poison the weevil's drinking water. His drink is the dew on the cotton leaves in early morning. So they poison the dew and that is the end of the boll weevil.

Last year this method was tested out on an abandoned farm, where the farmer had said, "I give it up," and had moved. The Department divided the field into three strips, the unpoisoned strip on one side produced 48 pounds of cotton; the other strip on the other side produced 60 pounds of cotton; the strip down the middle where the drinking water was poisoned produced 480 pounds of cotton. What does this mean to America?

In 1903 three doctors, scientists in the Department of Agriculture, Doctors Dorset, McBride and Niles of the Bureau of Animal Husbandry, discovered the cause of hog cholera. They also worked out an effective method of preventing the disease. Since 1913, the losses from it have been reduced over sixty per cent. The death rate per thousand, which was as high as 144 in 1897 and 118 in 1914, has been reduced to 41 in 1919. What does it mean to reduce the losses from hog cholera from 144 to 41 per thousand? Just a little matter of $41,000,000.

The discovery that the mosquito was responsible for yellow fever was based upon the work previously done by the scientists of the Bureau of Animal Industry, which proved that Texas fever could be carried only by the cattle tick. If it were not for that discovery you might not have the Panama Canal today, because you first had to get rid of yellow fever.

In dollars and cents, the Bureau of Animal Husbandry estimates that, in the year May 1, 1918, to May 1, 1919, hog cholera destroyed 2,800,000 hogs in the United States. It destroyed two million eight hundred thousand hogs, and their value, as of January 1, 1918, would have equaled sixty-two million dollars. Sixty-two million dollars lost! To reduce that ten per cent, or six million dollars, would pay two-thirds of the ten or twelve million dollar appropriation for agriculture!

Now as to the wheat rust, which affects every business and every family in America. Millions and millions of dollars are lost because of the black rust in wheat. The common barberry is the host plant of the fungus which causes wheat rust; and the Department is co-operating with the States in locating and destroying the barberry bushes, thus greatly reducing the spread or prevalence of the disease—a plant disease that has cost the United States a loss of 200 million bushels of wheat in a single year!

Yet there are some who complain about the work of the Agricultural Department. They are the people who go up against the pure-food regulations; for example, the people who want to put something in your food that does not belong there. They think they are all right, but your doctor does not agree with them.

NO POLITICS IN THE DEPARTMENT

THERE is no politics in the Department of Agriculture. Out of 21,000 positions, there are only four that are not under the Civil Service—the Secretary, two Assistant Secretaries, and the Chief of the Weather Bureau.

Men in Congress talk about the economy in providing funds for the Department of Agriculture, and vitally important activities are to be cut down if the action that has been taken on our appropriation bill prevails. Even now I am receiving inquiries from men to go out and help eradicate tuberculosis in cattle, but the answer invariably is, "We can not send a man to help you get rid of tuberculosis in your cattle because we haven't the money."

I have told you some of the things the Department has done. Are you going to keep this wonderful product—service—from the people—this wonderful product that you are manufacturing? It is not wholly the problem of the Department of Agriculture, because we are only your agents. You are manufacturing this product, and that product is service. I would like to double the number of customers. I want to increase the sales of this organization. In other words, I

want to bring home to every man and woman in America this wonderful service.

I ask, as you go along each day, that you remember that the farmer is a sturdy fellow, a good American citizen; that agriculture is the foundation of our prosperity, our very country, and that in having a helpful, intelligent interest in agriculture and a spirit of co-operation in its behalf, you are doing well for yourselves and our Nation as a whole.

AN APRIL SONG

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

When from the swales the piper's flutes
Begin in harmony to blow,
And round the lichened maple roots
Their chalices the wind-flowers show,
It's, O be nimble-shod, my feet,
For April's azure airs are sweet!

When brighter beryl on the moss
'Neath sunny southern slopes is seen
And tiny mole's tracks creep across
The hollows where deep drifts have been,
It's, O be keen, my ear, to hear
The robin's golden song of cheer!

When tender blushes on the briar
Foretell the rondure of the rose,
And when like lyrics from a lyre
In melody the rillet flows,
It's, O my heart, be blithe with glee,
For Sylvia roams the hills with me!

THE FEMININE FAILURE IN BUSINESS

By Henry Norman

"IF dear Harold should die," cheerfully piped Mrs. Frivol over her eggshell teacup as she entertained one of her intimates on the breeze-swept porch of the fifteen-thousand-dollar Frivol summer cottage, "I really think I should go in for a business career. So many women do, you know. Of course, I should start in modestly enough—private secretary to the president of a big bank or corporation or something of that sort. Nothing, you know, that a *lady* would be ashamed to do. I am sure Mr. Gruffcut would make a place for me in the office of his engine works—he's a widower, you know, and *so* devoted to business. And I should arrive at the office every morning, as early as possible, dressed quite simply in black and white—half mourning, you know—and I would look so pathetic and lonely. I'm sure Mr. Gruffcut would propose to me within a month. Oh, it would be such a splendid adventure, just to try my hand at business—for a while." I do not hold up Mrs. Frivol as the type of all women who "go in for" business. But the world is full of her. Woman looks upon the business world pretty much as she views her own social world. She knows the value of playing one person against another, of using a bit of flattery here, of arousing a mild jealousy there, of utilizing her sex as her most powerful weapon, her personal charms as the surest, swiftest means to every end. Eventually she discovers that emotion, temperament, moods, sex, have no tangible value in the commercial sphere. Engaging a helpless widow arouses about the same emotions as hiring an inexperienced office boy. The cost of teaching both is the employer's first thought, though the cost is never great enough to cause him much worry. The success of individual women in business is a perennial theme for magazine and newspaper articles. We are told in type and picture of the untrained girl of sixteen who

commenced at $4.50 a week and eventually found herself in an executive position paying her $15,000 a year (and then marrying); of the girl who made such palate-tickling candies that she now conducts a $50,000 business in sugary delectables; of women architects, play-brokers, lawyers; of the "cotton queen," the "anvil queen," the woman who, as head of a furniture business, employs 3,000 men and has a yearly payroll of $2,000,000; of the woman president of a bank; the woman president of a life insurance company; of the late Hetty Green, successful financier, of Anna Halse, "only woman manager of a cracker bakery in the world," of Mrs. Clark Fisher, "only woman member of the National Association of Manufacturers," of Margaret Kelly, assistant director of the United States Mint. And we read about these women over and over again, simply because they are the rare exceptions which prove the rule that women, as a whole, are notoriously unsuccessful in business.

REASONS WHY WOMEN FAIL

THERE are more reasons than would fill these pages why women fail in business. Some of these reasons I shall state as plainly as may be. Every observant man knows that woman is a creature of detail and that she attends to each detail separately; that she has no conception of the relation of one thing to another; except such relation as a ribbon bears to a dress, or the color of her eyes to a hat. She is never a good doctor where nursing is the chief cure. She is not a good lawyer because she has no innate sense of justice. She is not a good theologian because theology demands an impartial weighing of great truths; she is not a good scientist because science demands the gathering together and correlation of great masses of unrelated detail. The cold reasoning faculty is not hers, and her much vaunted gift of intuition is not always dependable, as many men have found out. With little or no ability for abstraction of thought woman is fundamentally an entity of personal appeals; she is swayed by her likes and dislikes; she cannot separate her emotional self from her intellectual. Every man of affairs knows precisely how

the business career of a woman is going to end when he sees it start. One can be reasonably sure that the ultimate goal of the average woman in business is the hymeneal altar. A woman's success in business is achieved, nine times out of ten, through fortuitous accident. She seldom carries her early ambitions right through to a finish.

When a woman (usually one past middle age) determines to succeed in business at any cost, the qualities for which men love and respect her become wholly subservient to her ambition and to such an exaggerated degree as to make her almost repulsive. The feminine "Wallingford" is not unknown in the commercial world and it is a type which business men avoid as they avoid a notorious embezzler or a crooked salesman. A case in point is that of the middle-aged woman who arrived in New York from the West, a part of her luggage being a worthless husband and a small invention with promising commercial possibilities. A shrewd capitalist became interested in the invention and furnished several thousand dollars for its exploitation. A company was formed in due course and the capitalist was elected president and treasurer, the husband vice-president and secretary, and the woman was made a director on a board of three. The company's capital was then deposited in a bank subject to check, and the capitalist went away on a vacation, leaving husband and wife to organize plans for introducing the invention. He was less than twenty-four hours out of town when the woman called a meeting of the board of directors, which was attended by her husband and herself. They made a quorum, and ousted the absent director-capitalist, elected the husband treasurer, drew the corporation's funds, and disappeared—all perfectly legal as a piece of company manipulation. I cite this case not as proving that women are less scrupulous than men, but that once they determine to "get on," neither moral, business nor ethical considerations stand in the way of their "success."

"WEIGHED IN BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING"

IT is stated that women stenographers and typewriters in this country far outnumber the men, that women cashiers

are in the majority, that the number of women book-keepers has more than doubled in the last five years and that every year more and more married women are included among the wage earners. This is called in the magazines published for feminine readers "Woman's Invasion of Business." And yet woman does not long remain in her conquered territory. In business pursuits women are not likely to go further than they have already gone, either in the relative number of them employed or the varieties of work they represent. The fact is, in business woman has reached the zenith of her powers. This is so because the average business woman "has been weighed in the balances and found wanting;" she has proved her inferiority to man in originality, initiative and inventiveness. Women are just as hard working as men and just as dependable as employes. As adapters and imitators they are unequalled. But when one says this much, one has said all there is to say in woman's favor.

IMPEDIMENTS OF MARRIED LIFE

THE real cause of woman's failure to compete with man on an equal footing in the business world is found in her physical and mental makeup. She has neither the physical stamina, nor the intellectual elasticity to successfully cope with her male competitor; nature has raised a barrier which no woman, however well equipped for the task, can overleap. All women must face the problems of love, marriage and children; the woman who misses these things misses the real glory of her life; vicarious realization may save the soul; it can never fill the place of actuality. Man faces these same experiences, but they do not interfere with his work as they do with the work of women. Says Earl Barnes, who has probed deep into the problems of the working woman: "Bearing and rearing a child should withdraw a mother from fixed outside occupation for at least a year. Arguments born out of conflict cannot change this primitive fact. Women should not do office or shop work during the last months before childbirth, and babies should be nursed from seven to nine months. A baby should be nursed for twenty minutes every two or

three hours of its waking time, and since it does not always waken regularly, the nursing mother is debarred from continuous work even if it does not interfere with her effectiveness as a milk producer."

In the case of girls past their adolescent period there are physical obstacles to success in business which every employer of women in offices and shops fully understands. The loss of the services of women employes for several days each month is a serious problem where salaries are paid regularly and the "docking" system for absences is not in practice. The fact that women are less strong, less agile, less enduring under continued mental strain than men, makes it evident that woman in contest with man must be granted something more than a fair field and unrestricted competition.

Marcel Prevost, the great French psychological novelist, maintains that woman, condemned by nature to be weaker in her struggle against man, has developed better than man her instincts of cunning and craftiness. But being a popular author, and having an eye to the sale of his books among women readers, he hastens to add that the day when woman possesses the same rights and enjoys the same social conditions as man, her cunning and craftiness will be less necessary to her, and little by little they will pass out of existence like an organ that has ceased to be of use.

A STUPID WORLD—WITHOUT WOMEN

NO man really knows anything about a woman—so women say. In judging women most men merely practice a habit. They think of their business affairs with their intellects; but they think of their wives with their affections and pocketbooks. The average man is handicapped by custom and tradition when he attempts to pass judgment on women. If a woman loves a man he can do no wrong in her eyes; if the laws of the universe interfere with her own ends, the laws must be modified or set aside. Woman and man are like two hemispheres; the world would not maintain its balance without its two geographical hemispheres, and the human world would not balance without the masculine and

feminine spheres. Man's work is the intellectual work of this world, but if it were not for the presence of the feminine intellect beside the masculine intellect, the world would be a stupid, if not intolerable, place. Tradition and sentiment under such a condition would perish; culture would go to the dogs, for the preservation of refinement and culture is woman's foremost work. Women are among the truly great artists of the world; some of them are great musicians, many of them great fiction writers. This is because women have the gift of outpouring their souls, and art in any form is the outpouring of feeling, of sentiment, of soul. Place the creature so endowed in the midst of the whirl and clatter of the business world, where only hard reality exists, and you distort nature and demand an impossible service. In undertakings where social, school, philanthropic, and economic problems have to be solved, women easily outstrip men in their zeal and efficiency.

Woman's time upon earth has been as long as man's and man has not always sought to subjugate and enslave the opposite sex. But in spite of all her opportunities woman's progress has been very slow. Says Selma Lagerlof, the famous Swedish writer: "I know that the women before our time did not fritter away their lives as playing children, but worked. I look at paintings and engravings, pictures of old women of olden times. Their faces are haggard and stern; their hands rough and bony. They had their struggles and their interests. What have they done? And she finds no answer in the universal reply: 'All that we strove for was to make a good home.' For the home these women of yore have been great; for the home they have also been petty."

WHEN A WOMAN BECOMES DANGEROUS

THE shortcomings of the woman in business are largely those of perspective. Generally she can gauge present-day conditions to a nicety; but she seems incapable of giving thought to conditions a year from now, and big business is planned for the future. As a bargainer, woman is often sub-

lime, but she strangely lacks audacity in planning. Usually a good lieutenant she is rarely a good captain. Her will, her energy and her interest are a valuable asset to her employer, but they have to be accepted with the limitations that go with intensity. Woman is a natural partisan in every walk of life. Her instincts, inherited from cave dwelling ancestors, are to stick uncompromisingly to her own people, to fight for her own side and to fight fiercely, blindly. To take sides is as natural as breathing with her. She regards the wide world as something ranged over on the other side of her own and employer's interests; competition is something to be combatted with bitter hostility. Luckily for business as a whole, the thousands of women and girls engaged in it follow purely routine work. But give a woman a little authority, pay her a decent salary, and she immediately becomes a dangerous partisan, dangerous to herself and her employers, her very virtues of loyalty and zeal making her so.

Viewed from a common-sense standpoint the business woman is in business because she has to be, because she has to earn her living; shrewd men of affairs have found out where and how to employ women where their peculiar talents will be developed most profitably to those who pay them. The mushy talk of woman's refining influence in executive business has no foundation in fact. She does not go into business for the sheer excitement of competing with men and demonstrating her superiority. The motive that drives a woman to work in office, store or factory is precisely the same motive that drives a man into the same places—the need of money. Any other explanation is pure buncombe and subterfuge. As a revolutionary and progressive influence in Big Business, woman is an absolutely negligible quantity; that she has made herself indispensable, an integral and necessary factor in every department of industry and commerce cannot be demonstrated; that in great undertakings she is, as a class, an important agent or a dominant figure, no one, with knowledge of modern business, would be rash enough to maintain. Woman in business has not proved herself man's equal, and to just that extent she is a failure.

WARSAW OF TODAY

WILL POLAND GRASP HER NEW-FOUND OPPORTUNITIES?

By H. De Wissen

TO us Poland is not a name wholly strange. In school-days we read of Pulaski, that Pole who helped us to gain independence from England; more recently we perhaps saw, assuredly heard of, that febrile, fuzzy-haired Pole who played the piano so feverishly and also lectured so feverishly. One refers to Paderewski, today a political power in the land of the White Eagle. But do we know the Poles, understand them? What of that city on the Vistula, their capital, which reflects them with mirror-like clearness—wonderful Warsaw? Perchance there lies about us a magic carpet which will bear us across Europe to the land of the White Eagle, flanked by the eastern frontiers of Germany and what was Imperial Austria and by the many groping governments which the masters of the Peace Conference carved into being from the remnants of Slavish and Teutonic despotism. Perhaps were we to give our fancies flight we could follow the arch of the rainbow and come down to find the pot of gold, which is Warsaw, a treasure trove of interest. Let us try—they are worth meeting, these Poles in their age-old city—

At last the sun has broken through the gray-ringed dreariness of sky that is over Poland and over all Russia beyond, and, framed in our train window, the unrolling panorama of the countryside ever draws Warsaw nearer. Mile upon mile of pine forest, domains that were the Tzar's, brooding places, abysmally still, shadowed and mysterious and giving forth no sign of life, save now and then along the wretched road which skirts their edge, a wagon crawls—a clumsy wagon drawn by a shaggy little wiry horse with a wooden yoke from which swings a bell. Its driver is a rugged Polish farmer wide of shoulders and stolid of face.

We come upon a village, a place of thatched houses built around a great church with gaily painted cupolas and gilded dome—a village whose main street is unpaved, a wallow of mud, whose wooden sidewalks are elevated on piles, little planked roads above a mire—while the sun catching the church dome glints back its golden tones. And we see strong, broad-hipped peasant women with many colored kerchiefs wound around their swarthy and abundant hair; women with red and yellow and green shawls draping from sturdy shoulders. We see tall booted men whose tastes run to beards and peaked caps of fur, although winter is not here; and shuffling in among them as the passing of our train fills the village street with people move men in black flowing robes and tall stovepipe hats, men now silent, now muttering, men with never the cheery face of our American clergy, rather apostles of gloom from the gold-domed church which is not quite vis-à-vis to the other only pretentious building of the village—the vodka shop.

They suggest a story, those two, the dazzling church and the dazzling vodka shop, a story, alas! that is only too true of Poland, Russia, Roumania and some other of those mysterious, part-Eastern, part-Western lands of Europe where for centuries the intellect of the masses has been stunted by being plied with alcohol and superstition, with disintegration and fear of hell, dealt out to them by the Few through their jackals. It was a fundamental of governing policy in these stricken lands that a people soaked in religion and booze is not apt to revolt and that the seats of the mighty may deal with them as they like. All of which was working out quite nicely until the war woke up peoples by the hundreds of millions. Armies had to be sober and when men are sober they are inclined to ponder over things; likewise it was rather difficult for these masses of people to reconcile that which had been taught them in their gold-domed churches—that Christ loves the supine, the contented, the be-happy-no-matter-how-little-you-have; it was difficult for them to reconcile *that* Christian meekness with the killing of men in droves in the name of the Christ. And so out of the misery of it all there

came a gain for mankind—mankind was waking up. But one digresses.

A PICTURESQUE OLD CITY

GETTING on the train back on the track once more and pushing on toward Warsaw, we see the pine forests suddenly give way and there are the flat yellow fields which are Poland's at harvest time, leagues of them, a country as flat as a table and crossed with sandy roads, confessing to the claim of the geologists that the sea once upon a time had its bottom there. Another village, the houses somewhat more pretentious here—the flash of its name as the train passes the dirty station, GRODISK—then more flat country, green, here and there, with forests—then the spires and cupolas of Warsaw.

From Warsaw station we drive in a victoria drawn by high-stepping horses down the very broad Jerusalamer Allee toward the massive bridge of the Tsar's that spans the Vistula —a vista of cafés, their awnings and little tables encroaching upon wide sidewalks shaded by beautiful trees; we see modern gray-stoned buildings in the German style. At the corner of the Nowy Swiat, the city's principal thoroughfare, we turn off, driving parallel to the river up into the ancient piles of stones suggesting Roman palaces; we pass shops, their windows brilliantly decorated, and colorful restaurants. The Nowy Swiat unexpectedly opens into little grass-carpeted squares where sit the stone statues of famous Poles—of Copernicus, of kings whom time has made "great" in the eyes of the people. And in front of a very modern hotel, the Bristol—which by the way Paderewski bought after some golden tours on the American concert stage—we stop and presently are whisked to our room in an elevator made in the U. S. A.

Our room has a balcony and we pause there briefly to gaze across the city. Over there on the other shore of the Vistula lies dingy Praga, a suburb of Warsaw where dwell almost two hundred thousand Jews. A sluggish stream, the Vistula, winding down a flat country to Warsaw and

crawling through the mud flats beyond. Not a ferry, such as we know it, between Warsaw and Praga, only ugly flat-bottomed scows, poled and paddled across the river, loaded to the water's edge with the bearded people of Praga, returning to their homes after a day of bartering and trading in the market places and poorer shops of Warsaw.

Our gaze coming back to the city, we see the outlines of narrow mediæval streets twisting between houses that are centuries old. There, delicate spires make a lacy tracery against the sky. Gothic reminiscences of the days when Poland was Great—that time before an evil Prussian King, a tyrant Czar and a scheming Austrian Empress partitioned the greatness of the land among them, while other Great Powers having little land-looting schemes of their own up their sleeves smiled cynically and said "Hands Off!" All of which was the Europe of old.

Flagrantly colorful, above the gray roofed city, although self-conscious and absurd in the glory of the setting sun, rise the inevitable profusion of onion towers and bowl-domed churches, enameled red or blue or lozenged in that mad ecstacy of decoration, which is Eastern and Southeastern Europe's. There, through the trees of the park, the great façades of institutions, sweeps of stone an eighth of a mile long, which is an influence on building that comes from Russia —influencing, too, Warsaw's vast parks and its broad Jerusalamer boulevard. And over there, the Jewish quarter of the city, a place of huddled and rotting buildings, of streets choked with people from curb to curb. Over there the places of worship do not rise pretentiously against the sky; rather they suggest deliberate unobtrusiveness.

WARSAW'S TEMPERAMENTAL PEOPLE

WHAT of Warsaw's people? They are Poles, Russians and Jews. Before the war there was a powerful element of German shopkeepers and financial men; and they are creeping back now. Poland—Warsaw—conjures up visions of people dancing and playing music and writing poetry until they are faint. To many it connotes a wildly excitable, tem-

peramental people who think and talk of little else save music and the arts. Look at all the Polish musicians we have in America—all the Polish pianists and fiddlers. Yes, there is a deep attachment for the arts in Warsaw.

Let us orient ourselves upon the Pole. He is perhaps one of the most patriotic nationalities in Europe. He is an aggressive nationalist. Perhaps this is because his was once a great country, that it lived for much more than a century under various despotic yokes, denied its own government, that it clung tenaciously to its fight for freedom and that now, having gained it, Poland is experiencing something commonplace to us, but an utter innovation to the present generation of Poles—a Poland that is governed by themselves. Wherein lies the reason for their intense nationalism. Now of course a nation must be saturated with nationalism, must have passed through that period of sticking-out-your-chest, feeling your oats, which was our own just before the Spanish-American War, before it can think or feel internationally; before it can seriously concern itself with peoples of the earth other than its own. Which explains much of the national psychology of Poland today—not to mention Czecho Slovakia or Jugo Slavonia.

But it is this fierce nationalism of the Pole that has stood him in good stead today. Did he not possess this passionate love for his reborn nation he would have permitted it to yield to the influences of Russian Bolshevism. Lenine made a terrific attempt to percolate Bolshevistic doctrines into Poland and, had he succeeded, the Red ravage might have swept across Europe. Polish nationalism stood as a barrier between Bolshevism and Western Europe.

This intense nationalism of the Pole makes him somewhat careless of the viewpoints of others. When he was under the Russian yoke his hand was raised, of course, against the Russian, but it was raised against the Jews of Warsaw, as well. When, during the war, the Pole fell under the German yoke his hand was, of course, raised against the German. Now that the war is at an end his hand is raised against any other nationality which holds land which he judges was a

part of the ancient kingdom of Poland. Ah, those ancient kingdoms, those historical traditions that are handed down—what curses! So today without actually being at war in the field against all its neighbors, Poland believes that they are all including within their frontiers land that once belonged to some Polish king or other. How that old king came by it is of course a topic one never discusses. And there will be this assertive super-nationalism in Poland and the advance of the world will be held back just that much until ancient glories are forgotten and the people get down to good hard work and produce with their hands instead of with their mouths.

Now we have nothing but liking for the Polish people and, in recording what we have, one can but remark the pity of the "glories of history" ever being available as material, the use of which by clever rabble rousers and politicians distorts the fine things of a people's mind with selfish pride in national aggrandizement. Perhaps the great lesson of America, that we fought a war against militarism to end war and took no gain for winning it—while every other nation grabbed, as of old—will seep into the minds of European nationals. The signs are, that it is slowly reaching the peoples—although, of course, the politicians, the "statesmen" are blind to it all. All of which applies to the Poles, to Warsaw quite directly.

POLISH PASSION FOR SELF-REVELATION

POLES love to talk. In the cafés I have seen and sat among them when they were in a state of intoxication brought on entirely by talk. There happened to be nothing stronger on the tables than tea in steaming samovars which they drank in great quantities talking loudly and earnestly the while. The Pole has a burning passion for self-revelation. He deals exhaustively in introspection, in analysis of himself which he turns inside out, with pride, to his friends—or in a café to whomsoever will listen to him. He likes to talk of his "soul" and indulges this like whenever occasion offers. There is something mysterious to the Western mind in Polish, Russian, Slavonic minds. Their minds seem to be the richest

in "new ideas." In Warsaw they have a careless way of sweeping aside conventions to which the Westerner, particularly the American and the Englishman, has not been inured. Not that the Poles are immoral people—Goodness, no! We have done quite enough European peoples *that* injustice without adding Poland to the list. But the point is, that if a Pole *wants* to do something he *does* it and what you or I may think is not of the slightest importance—should he even as much as give that a thought. Also, the Pole is very frank, refreshingly frank, except of course when he is talking politics. Warsaw is ever throbbing with politics. In the restaurants, the cafés and in private homes the cigarette-laden air hums with talk of politics and of revelation of self. One does not find the assertive discussions of the arts, of literature, of painting, of music that one would expect. Unlike our own "intellectuals" the Poles take these things for granted. They have been cultured a long time.

There is nothing particularly romantic about the Pole. He is much too frugal for that. As a matter of fact, the Poles vie with the French in being the most assiduous money chasers in Europe. And what is more they save their money. One sees in Warsaw none of the lavish spending of money that is Paris', Berlin's, Buda-Pesth's or Bucharest's. One does observe a very comfortable, very charming, very picturesque life, brimming with good food and drink, unmarred by drunkenness or the noticeable use of rouge and crayons. Warsaw life is rather family life lived out of the home as well as in it. The Pole does not keep as close to the hearth as does your bourgeois Frenchman. He likes to talk too much and the cafés are the places where he does his talking. Perhaps, did the Pole not venerate so much the "glorious past of Poland" and "my soul," he would have time to advance his country a little more economically. What industries there are in Warsaw, the Germans were at the bottom of.

SOME POLISH CHARACTERISTICS

THE Pole is a curious contradiction. He is shrewd and has a keen nose for money, but he would much rather

take you, the stranger, from America to the quaint square in his city which goes back to the tenth century and point out that gabled building saying, "The family living there have been wine merchants for nine centuries. The business never went out of the family"—than he would to take you to some very modern factory and say, "A thousand men work there and they are earning enough, so that each is buying his own home, month by month." Yet it is that blend in the Pole of the commercial and a love for the arts and the antiquities, be they in architecture or customs, that makes Warsaw the charming place it is.

We were sitting in one of those delightfully intimate restaurants on the Nowy Swiat eating *bigots,* that Polish dish into the cooking of which goes rice, veal and a marvelous sauce, mysterious and delightful, and washing it down with a fruit wine that was about 2.75 strong and listening to the violins strumming and squalling that furious music which is Poland's, when my friend said: "We do not like the Jews because they are not in key with Polish aspirations. We like the Russians better than the Jews, because they let us have our own way a lot. We don't like the Germans because they are a disciplined people and also cannot be trusted—they made too much money here at our expense."

"Whom do you like?" I asked.

"Frenchmen—they understand us. Americans—they have been very kind to us."

Understanding the Pole—a problem? He is violently nationalistic but not militaristic. Only peoples who are docile, who will meekly swallow what those in the high places extend on a spoon for them, are liable to militarism. The Pole is by nature an opportunist. He may be "against the world," which is quite all right, for he takes it out in talk. He is well aware of his ego—not that he is an idiot ever prattling about how wonderful he is. I have heard conversations in the smoking compartments of Pullmans among our own business men, that a Pole would deem truly *gauche.* No, the Pole takes out his ego in talking about himself, not about his material success, how clever he is, but about his *soul.* And if

you do not try to understand him, if you look bored he judges you rude and is done with you—for introspection is a pretty serious pastime in Warsaw.

He is keen about money making; he is not extravagant; he saves all he can; and he is not stingy. He is witty, far, far more impulsive than Frenchmen, and more romantic—not, however, as romantic as the average American youth of today. He is easily offended and is genuinely angry where a Frenchman's anger will effervesce on the surface. At heart he is a royalist although it would be a considerable job to find today the descendant of the last Polish dynasty and satisfy everyone that he belonged on the throne. No, there is little chance of Poland going back into the kingdom business. The democratic form of government has given the Poles too much of a chance to talk in public and to play politics, both being pastimes that they love.

THE WARSAW JEWS A PROBLEM

THE vast number of Jews in Warsaw are a problem. They will be kept in poverty by the Poles just as they were, under the old régime, by Poles and Russians holding common cause. Not in our generation will the Poles assimilate the Jews into their national life, as we have into ours. I have walked the streets and idled in the bazaars of these Jewish quarters in Warsaw and across the river in Praga. They were overcrowded places, children and elders crowded into small rooms, and of course quite filthy. Most of them seemed undernourished. Every Friday at noon the houses in the Jewish quarter become agitated with preparations for their Sabbath. Refuse that has been collecting the week long indoors is dumped into the yard; great buckets of hot water appear and the air fills with the rhythmic singing of Jewish women as they work with brushes, mops and brooms scouring the home. Finally the children and their elders take the weekly bath and a spirit of happiness moves abroad in the quarter. All the shops close early; the men chat in the streets on their way home; the women put on their best and go out on the sidewalk to gossip. The carpets are rolled up to reveal

the white floor which is always hidden save on the Sabbath and the feast days. Then the oldest woman of each house seals the oven, the candles are lit for Candle Prayer and on the table are placed the Sabbath loaf, a flask of wine and a *kiddush* cup. And, as darkness falls, from every Jewish home candle-light glimmers, signifying to those who know the sign that the spirit of God abides therein. * * * While not a mile away in the cafés of the Nowy Swiat pale, super-refined Polish Intellectuals are arguing fine ethical points over steaming glasses of tea; while along the Jerusalamer Allee pretty Polish girls of a lighter world are strolling and coyly smiling, if the evening be pleasant and their mood in tune. * * * While in the great houses of the city the great Polish landlords of the farming sections look over their books and decide what rents to raise and what new percentages to claim on shares.

Yes, Poland is ridden with its landed nobility. Too many of its people are grubbing along on too little. Too many of its shops are owned by foreigners; too many of its Jews will slave for a few pennies and keep wages down. Too little of its own money is going into industry and too much foreign money is in control.

WARSAW AND ITS PEOPLE A DELIGHT

BUT the new freedom that is Poland's will work to rectify these things. In the meantime the city has its same old charms—and in the winter when the snow flies in great clouds over the Vistula and carpets the Nowy Swiat for the belled sleighs; and there are pretty cheeks, pink with the cold, to be seen in the cafés where the glasses of tea and the plates of delicious buns are waiting—and endless conversation and displays of Polish "souls"—ah, that is Warsaw! And then a Polish dinner, which begins with astonishing salt fishes and salads of many kinds and ends with tea, still more tea. Then to fare forth along the Swiat where the shop windows are brilliant with light and frosted with the cold and enticing with examples of delicate working of embroidery and silver which is Poland's; then to drop in perhaps at the opera, where

all Warsaw, rich and poor, goes temporarily mad with joy or to stroll into that theatre in an alley off the Swiat, a rough looking place, in the front of which a great red arc-lamp hangs, but where you can see astonishingly good acting. And then to know that you can drop in most any home, in which you are acquainted, without being invited no matter what hour it may be—this, however, within some reason; although there are Warsaw families that make a specialty of keeping open house from midnight to five in the morning, to which come folks to smoke, drink tea and talk—oh, the talk, miles of it!

Meet the Pole half way, be tolerant of his absurdly aggressive nationalism; respect his wish to reveal to you his soul; forgive his little petty economies. See his fine pride, his ideals, his deep-rooted culture and his open generosity in big things and you will find Warsaw, its people, a delight, and will be much richer in life for having come to know them. For they are excitable and lovable; they are selfish and they are generous, they are bombastic and they are modest. They are people of paradoxes. A brutal old Prussian once called them "politically undisciplined children"—which indicates that he was shrewd enough to realize that the Poles would never stand for a disciplined, namely, a militaristic state.

And their beloved Warsaw is alive with paradoxes too, from the somber garmented Jew who steps out of the scow from Praga with a squawking goose under his arm, to the beautifully gowned and really beautiful Polish woman who happens to be clattering across the Bridge of the Tsar at the same moment in her private carriage. Or that ancient Gothic palace of the old Polish kings and the very modern apartment house not a stone's throw away. Or the beggars that fill the park and the gold-domed church with the blue and white towers and the windows with jewels, up at which they look, while praying for alms and forgetting the gospel of work.

THE GOLDEN BEE

By JEANNETTE MARKS

"But if I yield," she said in her distress,
"What will Love think of me and of my pride?"

"Oh, Sweet, how will you comfort me and bless
And bring me peace! Why should I be denied?"

"Suppose we come together, touch and kiss,
What hand in hand," she said, "can make us one?"

"Your eyes," he said, "your breast, your lips and this.
See how the golden bee sucks and is done,

Content upon his fragrant wonderway!"
"Ah, yes," she cried, "but is the bee's hour mine?"

"Yet come!" he begged. "For this one windswept day
You play the flower tossing in sunshine,

"And I, your Wanderer, your golden bee!"
"Now come," she wept, "Love, come, thrust deep and sing

"While you draw all my pent-up life from me!"
So did they meet and search and swing and cling;

So were they one—that golden bee and flower.
Then did the wind break off the flower's head.

The golden bee sang as he fell, "My hour!"
She cried, "My love, my Wanderer is sped!"

A "CLOSE UP" OF CALIFORNIA

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

ONE descends from the snow-strewn crests of towering mountains to fat plains and valleys, to lonely deserts purpled with sage, to gay beaches and surf-bathing—in California. "Our State has everything," a Native Son told me, and with a sweep of his arm he indicated mountain tops, fruit valleys, the booming Pacific; and then, "Per acre our harvest is several times larger than the East. Think of our mines, our shipping, our movies. I'll tell you, man, this is *the* one place in America to live." Innocently enough, I had asked a Native Son a few questions about California.

Of course, you know what a Native Son is. Before we visited California we were under the impression that a Native Son is a person born in that State. But nay! A Native Son is one who was *not* born in California; rather one who at the tender age of thirty goes there to live. Mostly he comes from the Middle West, from Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska; generally he is to be identified by his leaning for the following milestones of conversation:

"Aren't you glad you're in California? It must be terrible weather back East . . . Yes, this is the Golden State . . . We Native Sons, of course," etc. . . . "You know at one time California was a nation . . . Now *we* Californians regard," etc . . . "A Californian will be the next President."

And just as California's mountains contrast with its deserts and with its very beautiful seashore, so do its Native Sons contrast with its *real* Californians, with its sons actually born there. You can discern the real Californian negatively. He never breathes deep and says, "This is God's country." You can discern him positively if you say "Frisco." The

abbreviation riles a real Californian. Even the most timorous one will suggest: "You don't say York, now, do you? You say *New* York. Our city is *San* Fran-cis-co."

And broadly the Native Sons have their habitat and the Californians have theirs. More broadly, you find Native Sons in southern California centering around Los Angeles; you find Californians based upon San Francisco to the north, to the east, to the south—as far south as Santa Barbara. For Los Angeles and San Francisco are totally different. Theirs are differing municipal personalities; for the personalities of their people are different.

We came into California, down from Salt Lake, across Nevada—where it is a crime punishable by law to sell a cigarette—climbed over mountains which the Infinite must have given California to keep out Nevada laws, and came down to the desert—the arid Mojave with rankly growing oases of cactus and sage, unfit succor for man or beast. And then we crossed the plains, those dry plains that irrigation reclaimed from the sun; and so on into a fat, oil-soiled land a-bloom with the extravagance of tropical nature—then into Los Angeles. "Los," the Native Sons call it; and their newspapers call them "Angelos."

CALIFORNIA'S MIRACLE CITY

LOS ANGELES impressed me as being a bit of the Middle West set down in a semi-tropical atmosphere. Which is to say that there was an abundance of "honest work" going on, retailing by determined, tight-fisted settlers who spoke of "business conditions" with every sale—which is all wrong in a *dolce far niente* climate. A city of countless shops—many expensive—of countless real estate developments, bungalow land, also signs proclaiming farming land, viz., sizzling acres off on the fringe of the desert where the water for irrigation would some day be turned on; meanwhile "own a little farm," so much down; so much a month. A city which seemed not to worry about the numerous Japanese in its midst, but one of whose newspapers scarcely lets a day go by without carrying some item calcu-

lated to raise race prejudice. And the Japanese—they seemed unobtrusive and inclined to mind their own business, which was to farm, operate cheap restaurants, speculate in real estate, and sell Oriental curios and wearing apparel to Occidentals who ought to know better.

There is a decided brisk-on-the-job Middle Western spirit of "good business" in Los Angeles, and miles away to the north and east and south, more Middle Westerners are tilling the land and harvesting bumper crops of alfalfa, vegetables and fruit, and stowing away great bundles of money in the savings banks. There is little industry in Los Angeles. There is a great deal of talk about industry and banks and chambers of commerce, and various other sirens are singing to lure capital into manufacturing there; and the Angelos can point to progress, for one of the largest American rubber manufacturers is indeed constructing a plant. But Los Angeles industry is relatively trifling. Whence comes then the prosperity of the city?

It's prosperous, all right. Otherwise, why the fine residential streets lined with palms? Palms cost money to plant; of course, nature never meant them to grow in Los Angeles. The palms are some of the props the Angelos use for setting the stage. And the stage? Just a moment.

Yes, they're prosperous with their big up-to-the-minute banks, with their "Fifth Avenue" shops, with movie theatres downright staggering in their luxury and very Middle Western in the art of their decoration—which is to say Japanese, Gothic and Byzantine merged into one. Where does the money come from for all this?

SELLING CLIMATE AND SCENERY

WHY from you and from me—from us who save up our pennies so that now and then we can travel, which is to acquire wisdom; and from us who now and then slide our quarter into the box-office of a movie theatre which is to inspire us with the thought, "I could write a better scenario than that." For Los Angeles is selling climate and scenery to tourists and to motion-picture producers. Oh, the Angelos

are apt to get hopping mad if you tell them that, particularly after they've talked to you of "industry" and "developments." But that's the truth of it. Also, climate and scenery are most profitable things to sell. They don't cost anything. Switzerland—an entire nation—makes a living on them—as do the Angelos.

Analyze it. Surely no one in his right mind would travel across the continent to Los Angeles were it not for the scenery and the climate. What else is there? Languorous, tropical life? Seek it rather in Des Moines. Picturesque native costumes? Omaha just as colorful. But climate, where else can you bask in that almost year-round sunshine which is southern California's? Where else can you, in half an hour's motoring, descend from a snow-capped mountain to a bathing beach and into the surf in November? And a blanket necessary on the bed of summer nights—oh, boy! Oh, the Angelos will deny it, but it's that climate and Nature's adornments which are pouring the flood of gold into their cash registers—Golden California!

Do you who are suffering with a cold in the head, which is many more of us than not, know how many days of rain they had in and around Los Angeles last year? Twelve days out of three hundred and sixty-five. Do you wonder that the movie people make the cross-continental trek so that they may expose their films to that sunshine? Eighty studios are running full blast on the edges of Los Angeles. Eighty studios devour millions and millions of dollars. Pay rolls we think to be extravagantly high are met weekly; and this money is being spent right in Los Angeles; it is pouring into the coffers of the shopkeepers from the Middle West who have settled there. And they are spenders, these movie folks, big spenders. They alone, even without the tourists, would make Los Angeles very prosperous. They live by themselves in the movie colony, a place of bungalows, and often the high jinks there shock the Middle Westerners, who more than any of our people, save New Englanders, struggle against the Evil One—and jazz. But the movie folks pay cash, which atones for much.

And, if you weary of Los Angeles, nearby is Pasadena, and further south, San Diego, with their miles of beautiful homes. Delectable sea food, too—lobsters, like huge crawfish, different from our Atlantic lobster. And to the east and north, one finds the oil fields of Bakersfield, the valleys of fruit, and quaint Missions back in the hills. It's worth the trip, every mile of it—provided you motor from Los Angeles. And if you care for Coney Islands, they have them close to Los Angeles. Venice and Ocean City, raucous with "jazz" and the cries of the "hot dog" vendors—but there is wonderful bathing, too.

THE "PALM BEACH" OF THE PACIFIC

AN easy motor drive, about a hundred miles up the coast, and Santa Barbara is waiting for you. Santa Barbara *is* California. Santa Barbara is short on Native Sons and long on atmosphere. There, when we were shown to our room in the Belvidere at night, we discovered on waking in the morning that the wonderful Pacific was rolling almost beneath the windows. No unbeautiful flats of silt, rank with cat-tails, at Santa Barbara; rather the green mountains, then the little Spanish town, then a snow-white beach and the Pacific booming in between some ruggedly pretty islands that looked blue and gray as the sun burned through a thin veil of fog. "The Palm Beach of the Pacific Coast," they call Santa Barbara, the fashionable season beginning before Christmas and lasting through February. We missed it by a month and were not sorry. For it was fun to stroll along the very wide and very placid main street and poke in the Spanish shops without rubbing elbows with New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. Santa Barbara *has* charm and *is* different and the people do not speak with a nasal twang or drink coffee with the spoons in the cup or use the words "Native Sons."

And on the main street, close to the theatre, there is an unpretentious looking house presided over by a courtly white-moustached Spaniard, where they have a dinner—yum, yum! One finds no Greek waiters there to sabotage the soup, nor is

there the desperate attempt to induce gaiety, so characteristic of most of our restaurants, through short-skirted revues and jazzy music—the real purpose of which, don't you think, is to distract you from the inferior quality of the food? But at Signor's there are dishes of cheese, magically melted and poured into mysterious Spanish batters; and one eats of miracles performed with peppers, rice, chickens, onions, tomatoes and sauces. Well you know what the Englishman said to the Frenchman: "In London one never mops up one's plate—blots up a sauce with bread." And the Frenchman's retort: "That, monsieur, is because you have no sauces worth mopping up." * * * Well, in Santa Barbara you'll *mop*.

MONASTERIES AND FIGS

AND don't forget the monastery—a venerable place going back to the days of the Spanish governor—cool and dim and charming. In its fields the cowled monks, all robed, till the soil? Bless us, no—derby hats! Don't fail to meet the delightful old monk who will guide you around and who, after you leave, may be very sorry if you have not purchased from one of the Brothers a string of Job's Tears, in which the storehouse of the monastery seems to abound. And one warns you, if the girls go along with you to that monastery, you'll unbutton your wallet—amen!

We came up the coast to San Francisco from Los Angeles on a train called "The Owl," which seems to seek to break all known records for railroad speed and makes riding in an upper berth almost as much of a stunt as riding a flat English saddle on a Texas broncho. It was at breakfast on "The Owl," as we were skirting the edges of San Francisco Bay, that we chanced on something which one hastens to pass on—*fresh* figs! It is difficult to imagine the gods ever leaving Olympus so long as the supply of figs held out. Fresh California figs—those of France, of Florida, are not to be likened to them. To do so approaches gastronomic blasphemy—fresh figs, moreover, with cream. The figs never find their way East in condition to do them justice. We lost two weeks of our lives by being in California that long, before

learning of their total superiority to any other breakfast fruit. Make not our blunder; with moist eyes, one beseeches!

As our train hammered along the shore of that amazing fifty-mile-long body of water, San Francisco Bay, my companion was lamenting: "If Frisco hasn't Los Angeles beaten, I'm going home. I'm fed up on prop palms and stores where they soak the life out of you just because they're used to having a lot of fool movie actors and actresses throw around their money like water. I'm sick of the hotel where they have the 'million-dollar rug' (so named because Fairbanks, Pickford and some others stood on it while discussing their big movie combination). I'm sick of hearing that this movie director and that one gets more money than the President of the United States. I weary of hearing of money—money. I want to get back my respect for a five-dollar bill and meet some of these wonderful Californians of whom I've been hearing."

WE DISCOVER SOME REAL CALIFORNIANS

IT was my companion who, after looking out of the taxi window as we drove up Market street, said suddenly: "Say, this city has its foot on the gas all right." Which is indeed San Francisco. Everyone there seems pepped up. Everything is busy and moving like New York. People haven't time to boast about what a wonderful place it is or how much money they are making. I had heard that your true citizen of San Francisco carried a dirk under his coat for use on New Yorkers. But when we called upon a man to whom we had letters of introduction, he said: "So, you've come all the way from New York to see us? We think there are only two cities in America, yours and ours." Now he was a very busy man in a very important financial house. It was not eleven in the morning, but nothing would do but that he promptly call it a day and take us in tow. Shamefacedly recalling that we in New York often have a way of suggesting the matinee for out-of-towners, and then "look you up about five at your hotel and we'll have dinner together," we

remonstrated with him; we'd meet him later in the day. But, no!

"So you've been in southern California, eh? How did you like Los Angeles?"

We told him. We were frankness itself. We spoke with feeling. He smiled.

"Now," he said, "you will see California and I'll have you meet some real Californians."

"But we've been in California some time."

"Huh," he snorted, "you've been in Iowa!"

And we found it was his way and the way of the other *real* Californians not to indulge in "boost town" talk. None of them used the expressions, "Native Son" and "Golden State," and "Most wonderful State in the Union," and "Isn't the climate wonderful?" and "You know, of course, that California was once a Nation by itself." Rather, it seemed to be the way of the San Francisco Californian to show you and let you make your own opinions. Perhaps he knew they were bound to be favorable. His city is a treasure.

THE CITY BY THE GOLDEN GATE

CALL it back in your memory or imagine it—a city built on hills, like Rome, some of their slopes so steep that electric cars cannot climb them and only old-fashioned cable cars can struggle to their crests. A city of ravines and mountain tops—with you descending and climbing up and down from one section, from one hill, to another. Here a Chinese quarter, there an Italian, there a Swiss—the most cosmopolitan and polyglot city in America, excepting New York. Yet out of these strange-tongued blocks they went willingly, the San Francisco foreign born, to fight with their 91st Division in France and in Belgium. They it was who formed an Escort of Honor that marched with King Albert to Brussels.

From one of the city's hilltops we looked down on the bay, alive with great commerce, with countless steamers and picturesque sailing craft in the Oriental trade. We looked across rich valleys to the mountains beyond, northward to-

ward Sonoma and Shasta counties, those treasure-houses of the earth.

"Of course, it's not the old San Francisco," our friend was explaining. "The fire cleaned up Chinatown. It's just a harmless tourist place now. We haven't the restaurants we used to have," and he sighed. "There was one, the Poodle Dog, you know, where you drove into the building in your auto; then, car and all, you were carried up in an elevator; and you got out of the car into the private dining room you had reserved. The fire did wonders for the city. All those who were worth while decided to stay and build up again. We did not lose many. Those we lost went south," and he grinned. * * * They like Los Angeles in San Francisco!

There is a dash and audacity about the city. Prohibition was law and Los Angeles was bone dry. Even dry in Baron Long's famous Country Club on the outskirts of the city, in Vernon, even dry at the Ship Café in Venice, both places which, in the wet days, the movie folk had made quite wild. But with the arm of the law in the background Los Angeles had cannily decided to eschew that reprobate, John Barleycorn. Not San Francisco. What was a fine or two? What was a police raid? Not a few were the bars and cafés, our friend assured us, where highballs and cocktails were still being dispensed. That was really a slight keynote—the reaction against Prohibition — Los Angeles, complaisant; San Francisco, rebellious, with a bit of bravado thrown in.

Of course, the Cliff House, where in the days before Prohibition almost everyone you knew—they told us—used to sip a cocktail and watch the sun go down over the rim of the Pacific, has its doors closed. But after you motor out past the Presidio and around through Golden Gate Park, where they have a Japanese tea garden totally unlike anything you have seen in America, and you come out of the park and motor along the ocean watching the horseback riders galloping along the well-packed sand of the beach, you arrive at Tait's. Don't miss Tait's at tea-time or dinner. An exceptional country home once, it is now a restaurant, and one very different, very delightful. Fronting the ocean as it is, set down

among charming gardens; also being the kind of place to which one can take one's sister, it is thoroughly enjoyable. Just as California possesses that incredibly good Spanish restaurant at Santa Barbara, so it has another and different type in Tait's Beach. Nothing in or around New York approaches its charm.

We would have remained longer in San Francisco were it not for the warm hospitality of those Californians with whom mutual friends had thrown us. So open-hearted, so big is your good San Franciscan that being his guest is apt to be embarrassing. Southern hospitality has, we found, no virtues that are not San Francisco's.

THE VALLEY OF THE MOON

OF all the California we saw, were one to record it, would make for endless reading. To the north, in Sonoma County, we visited Glen Ellen in the Valley of the Moon where Jack London built his home. A fertile place and of verdant beauty we thought plausible the story that London and his wife traveled two months in a wagon through California seeking the most beautiful spot they could find on which to build their home; and that when they saw the Valley of the Moon they went no further.

Oh, one could revel in telling of that trip up the valley of the Sacramento River to Mount Shasta, to the largest copper mine in America, Mammoth, on a mountain top with a great clanging smelter at Kenett in the valley below. One could tell of going into the mine shafts, twenty-five miles of them; of a dinner on a bleak mountain top among rough mine-camp surroundings, but in the charming little house of the superintendent's; that dinner presided over by his wife who used to be a New York society girl living on Washington Square, North, a dinner with finger bowls to finish—while a stone's throw away, explosives roared in the night and piles of copper ore rumbled out of the mountain's sides—for the mine never slept.

One could tell of the wonderful motoring to be had in Shasta County, north of Reading, of climbing 2500 feet in

25 minutes up a trail that seemed to hang at times on the edge of the world; of trout fishing in the Truckee, the second coldest stream in the world; of lookinig from a cabin on a mountain top across a wide valley to towering snow-hooded Shasta and gray Mount Lassen, a volcano that erupted not five years ago.

Oh, the beauty of that northern California, stupendous and rugged and fine—fine like its people! You've seen the highlands of Europe and you haven't seen California? Go West, young man—but don't forget what has been said about Native Sons and *real* Californians.

THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. Courtenay Savage

A TOPICAL song once amused because it purposed to describe what happened "When Mr. Shakespeare Comes to Town." If the song were still in vogue a new verse might be added on the arrival in New York of the latest Shakespearean production—one might almost say novelty—"Richard III," which serves to introduce John Barrymore as the bloodthirsty king. It is doubtful if any Shakespearean performance of recent years has caused as much comment. "Richard III" does not fall within the ordinary Shakespearean repertoire. It demands a huge cast and expensive setting, plus a player of more than ordinary ability, and, in spite of these demands, it lacks the popular appeal of "Hamlet" or "The Merchant of Venice." When Arthur Hopkins announced that John Barrymore would play the rôle, the interest in the production heightened, for no player, man or woman, rivals Mr. Barrymore's position on the American stage, and his *Richard III* is one more character for his gallery of brilliant portrayals. As one expects from Mr. Hopkins, the details of the production, and its setting, were perfect. It is one of the really truly great offerings of recent years.

So that Mr. Barrymore might not have the entire credit to himself, Mr. Hampden offered a short season of "Hamlet." His *Hamlet* has been commented upon too frequently to need further notice. He has a new *Ophelia* in Miss Beatrice Maude, a graduate of Stuart Walker's repertoire company. Her *Ophelia* has a genuine appeal, and she is a welcome addition to Mr. Hampden's popular organization.

Plays from the Spirit World

AS might be expected, Spiritualism, which has been playing into such popularity in our reading matter, has broken out on the stage, two plays, of similar theme, arriving within a week. The first was "The Hole in the Wall," a melodrama by Fred Jackson. It concerns a woman who has been sent to prison on a false charge, the real reason for the indictment being that she was about to marry the son of wealthy parents, and they chose prison as being the surest way of preventing it. Naturally, when the lady is free she has her ideas of revenge. Just what this revenge is, how it utilizes a fake séance and such crook devices as wire-tapping, and the dictaphone, makes up the body of the play. Of course, there is a happy ending. Martha Hedman, as beautiful as ever, gives a gripping performance as the woman seeking revenge. If the author had been a little more careful in the writing of his melodrama, she would have been able to sweep the play to an astounding success. The rest of the cast, which includes numerous well known players, is excellent.

The second spiritualistic drama is called "The Ouija Board," its author, Crane Wilbur, a former motion-picture star, playing a small part in the production. It is really a good play, a thriller to be classed with "The Thirteenth Chair," and Mr. A. H. Woods in producing it uses lighting effects and a cast that make Mr. Wilbur's vivid characterization so human that the play is bound to meet with a lengthy success. It hardly seems fair to go into detail regarding the thrilling surprises that are employed in every act to tell the fairly simple story. There is a mysterious murder, crooks, an inquiring novelist, spirit-writings, a medium, practically every type of villainy, plus the usual love story, and if it is possible to think of anything but the play, or experience any sensation save cold chills, then one must be greatly engrossed in their personal affairs. The acting is capable, George Gaul and Howard Lang being most notable.

Still another play concerning death and souls is "The Blue Flame," a four-act melodrama by George B. Hobart and

John Willard, which was chosen as the first vehicle for Theda Bara's switch from the screen to the stage. "The Blue Flame" is so bad that it is one of the most entertaining plays of the season. If it were just poor or cheap, it would have reached the storehouse long ago, but its situations, its language, and often the manner in which the story is acted, reach such a low plane of theatrical technique that the audience cannot restrain its laughter. When a soul, in the form of a blue light, ascends to the wings,—well!—it's amazing, at least. It is a story of the underworld, with Miss Bara transformed from a "sweet thing" to a vampirish lady not unlike her famous screen characterization. Miss Bara shows her lack of stage training, but has rather a better voice than one might expect—at least it is distinct. "The Blue Flame" is not apt to win any artistic reputation, but will probably make a huge fortune, and, after all, that is not to be despised.

Musical

"WHAT'S in a Name?" the second production sponsored by John Murray Anderson, who offered the very splendid "Greenwich Village Follies," proved that Mr. Anderson is no haphazard producer, but an artist. He has not reached a stage of perfection, but he has given theatre-goers a new gasp, a sensation in the way of effective scenic originality of the urban school, a variety of diversions that suggest a new thought in vaudeville, an altogether new Greenwich Village Follies up-to-date. Among the caste are Alice Hegeman, who can be humorously grotesque when given a chance; Beatrice Hereford, monologuist; a young dancer of charm, Gloria Foy, and the tall and amusing Olin Howland, who is making his second appearance this season on Broadway. "What's in a Name?" will in all probability be with us, in increasing popularity, for some time.

The amusing Cecil Lean and his beautiful and clever partner, Cleo Mayfield, are twin stars in a new musical comedy, called "Look Who's Here." There is a semblance of plot, for the author of numerous best sellers has been so busy

writing love stories that he has lost the affections of his wife and is forced to call in a matrimonial expert to straighten out the tangle. This allows for several amusing situations on which to hang musical numbers, and as many of these numbers fall to the stars they are well delivered. Lean and Mayfield are a "whole show" in themselves and not much else is needed to complete an amusing evening.

Stars—Chiefly Feminine

ELSIE FERGUSON, deserting the movies for a brief season, is appearing in Arnold Bennett's play, "Sacred and Profane Love," an adaptation from his "Book of Carlotta." The story is of a young girl who, daring all conventionalities, goes to the room of a famous pianist, while still under the influence of his brilliant playing. Early the next morning she slips away, and the body of the play is years later when she has arrived at fame as a novelist. She has never forgotten the pianist, and discovers that he has fallen a victim of the cocaine habit, and is living in a cheap hotel in Paris. She goes there, forces him to come away with her, and brings about his regeneration, and, incidentally, her own happiness. The play offers two remarkable characterizations, the novelist and the pianist, and it must be said that Jose Ruben, as the pianist, is often more vital, more gripping, than Miss Ferguson's portrait of the novelist. However, what Miss Ferguson may lack in histrionic ability, she makes up in beauty and grace, and the story is so gripping that it is meeting with success.

"The Wonderful Thing," with Jeanne Eagels in the rôle of a girl brought up in France and then sent to take her place in English society is a first cousin to "Peg o' My Heart." It is simple in theme, has considerable light comedy, and enough conflict to carry it through four acts. The play is from the pen of Lillian Trimble Bradley, who has helped to stage several recent successful productions. Her work is really an addition to the American theatre, for she brings good taste as well as an accurate knowledge of the stage. Surrounding

Miss Eagels is a cast which competently depicts the English types.

Willie Collier can always be depended upon to amuse, even when his production has not the qualities that can be found in his newest farce comedy, "The Hottentot," which shows Mr. Collier at his best. The story is simple enough, telling of how a man who hates horses gets among a group of horse-lovers. These enthusiasts mistake him for a great steeplechase rider. Of course, there is a girl who wants him to ride her horse to victory, and the usual farce comedy situations crop up with increasing speed, until the climax and the final curtain are reached. Splendidly acted, the stage business that accompanies this slight story is oftentimes hilarious. The supporting company includes Donald Meek, laughable as a foil for much of Mr. Collier's comedy, as well as two or three very charming ladies.

The Theatre Guild, that venturesome and happily successful band of players who have offered the American stage some splendid productions, including "John Ferguson," have, after two or three less successful plays, offered another of St. John Ervine's dramas, "Jane Clegg," with Margaret Wycherly the guest star of the production. It is practically a tragedy of middle-class life, not exactly sordid, but better described as drab, and shows the gradual awakening and revolt of a woman who has a selfish, cowardly husband. Margaret Wycherly plays *Jane Clegg*. Dudley Diggs, the coward of "John Ferguson," is the husband, and makes his part so realistic that the audience wishes the opportunity of thrashing him. While hardly to be classed as artistic a success as "John Ferguson," the new play is of real dramatic value.

Emily Stevens is the star in Phillip Moeller's improper but interesting story of French court life of considerably more than one hundred years ago. It is a sophisticated play, well acted as a whole, but because of its setting and its frank sex appeal it is hardly likely to have more than moderate success.

Two rather unusual incidents of the theatre occurred when two already successful plays were further bolstered

by the addition of stars in their leading rôles. "Irene," one of the most charming musical plays of the season, was strengthened by giving the talented comedienne, Adele Rowland, the title part, while "The Sign on the Door," one of the season's best melodramas, was similarly helped by Marjorie Rambeau assuming the leading rôle.

The notable revival of "Florodora" was an event at the Century Theatre which brought out the "old guard" of admirers of the famous musical success. The Shuberts have restored its original charm as well as brought it up to date by additional musical numbers and novel features acceptable to amusement lovers of this generation, who had never seen the production in its pristine charm. Artistically, scenically and musically, the 1920 model of "Florodora" will satisfy the most fastidious.

Another and typical Shubert musical comedy, adapted from the French, "Betty, Be Good," made an excellent impression as a mirth-provoking and dainty comedy with a number of fresh vaudeville acts and dancing specialties. There was a time when a comedy "adapted from the French" suggested something that restricted its audience to the more sophisticated theatregoer, but the American farce and musical comedy have succeeded in eliminating the erstwhile objectionable features of the French comedy, and supplanted it with a much more amusing and cleaner type of American humor. "Betty, Be Good," if it ever was naughty, has been thoroughly expurgated and thoroughly Americanized.

One of the prettiest and most entertaining comedies recently presented is "Honey Girl," based upon Henry Blossom's play "Checkers" and produced by Sam H. Harris. Extraordinarily beautiful in its sets, and unusually fresh in its costuming, coupled with incidental, sparkling lyrics, "Honey Girl" has a popular appeal that will give it a long run. The play is an unusual combination of old-fashioned small-town romance in a race-track setting, which, however, is only incidental to the development of the story, and presents a vehicle for the inimitable humor given to George McKay as *"Tip"*

Smiley. The cast is well balanced, and the music by Albert von Tilzer fresh and enticing.

Those who recall Miss Mollie Pearson as *Bunty* will enjoy her charming presentation as *Meg Duncan* in "Lassie," a new musical comedy by Katherine Chisholm Cushing, which scored a real success in New York. The play was especially written for Miss Pearson, and, aside from her inimitable characterization of a Scotch lassie, there are other "side lights" that offer spice and flavor to the evening's enjoyment and particularly the always charming dancing of Miss Dorothy Dixon.

The New Season

WHILE the season of 1919-20 is still making theatrical history, the producers have not hesitated to announce their plans for the fall. The Selwyns, one of the most enterprising of theatrical firms, announced nine plays for early production, among them, one by Robert Hichens, and two light comedies, one by Avery Hopwood, and another by Clare Kummer. While the Shuberts have made no formal announcement of what they will do, they are busy trying out plays and from the out-of-town points comes word that practically all the firms have booked new productions which will be ready for a new season, which, nowadays, starts early in July.

A SHELF OF NEW BOOKS

ONLY those who have drifted through the slums of a great city can truly appreciate the sordidness, the driving poverty. The apparent unfairness of existence, forming an apparently unscalable wall, might easily drive any young man or girl into anarchy, if that seemed the way out. The remarkable occurrence is that, when, once permeated with such a destructive vision of life, there is room for a more sane view-point which would lift one beyond the bounds of anarchy—and make one a leader of the cause of law and order. Yet "Rebels," by Marie Ganz and Nat J. Ferber (Dodd, Mead & Co.), tells the true story of a little girl growing up in New York City's melting pot, picturing the struggle for daily bread, the sweatshop, the bitterness with which she had to fight for an education, and how she heard the teachings of the anarchists, and started to lead Red mobs in their fight on the capitalists, who, she felt, were personally responsible for her unhappiness, a fight which, for her at least, had its climax in her attempt to assassinate Rockefeller. She was a game sport, this little Red leader, and her story is not all sordidness. Marie Ganz has a sense of humor—also, she had a pal, a real man friend, and it was this man who showed her the way out from the shadow of the red flag.

Miss Ganz's last chapter is one of the most realistic pictures of the movement towards Americanization that has been written. She was a pivot about which that movement had its being, and she knows. Also, she knows that her work of uplift is not over, but she realizes that it will not be done through any reign of terror, but along the unresisting lines of friendship and peace. "Rebels" is really a valuable book.

If Philippe Bunau-Varilla had been more modest in his account of "The Great Adventure of Panama" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) his story might have ranked with one of the great autobiographies of our day. Bunau-Varilla is described as the man who made the Panama Revolution from Colombia

possible, and so enabled the United States to build the canal. The book describes at length the many and varied obstacles that stood in the way of the building of the canal, how German propaganda tried to make the canal impossible, and the part that the late Theodore Roosevelt played in the diplomatic tangle that had to be straightened before the big ditch could be started. It is what the sporting editors would call "inside stuff" and, as such, is interesting, but as previously suggested if only the author had been more modest the story would have smacked more of adventure and made still better reading. As it is, the book is educational, for too many of us have forgotten those days, nearly twenty years ago, when the canal was a great issue in world diplomacy.

It is probably because they realize that the tension of current business has been so great, and that more than an ordinary amount of recreation is needed that all the publishers have announced such pretentious lists of light fiction for the spring and summer. And, as a whole, it is good fiction, perhaps not of permanent value, but not exactly trashy, either.

For instance, James B. Hendryx's "The Gold Girl" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is well written, and easily read. It tells a more or less familiar story, Western as the name would imply, of a girl who rides up the canyon in search of a lost mine, and finds adventure, and a man. Just to give the struggle more suspense—the man carries a jug—but in the end they reach a happy-ever-after agreement, and the book is put down with a sense of having made a pleasant companion.

A second story which has hasty action, a large slice of romantic adventure, and a good clean love story is Henry Leverage's "The Shepherd of the Sea" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Mr. Leverage has only attained the laurels of a popular author, within the past two or three years, but he writes graphically, and his picture of the seas—and the Arctic—makes the wall of the commonplace fade away, and one fights with his hero. There is a hint in this author's work that makes it seem possible that he is going to inherit at least a generous portion of Jack London's mantle. Certainly he has written a gripping story.

Romance in a different strain is Florence Irwin's "Poor Dear Theodora" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) with its style and setting reminiscent of the author's earlier story, "The Road to Mecca," reminiscent only, however, for this new novel is far better, and leaves a pleasant memory in the reader's mind. The story follows the adventures of Theodora from her small town environment to New York City, Palm Beach, and lands her safely in the arms of the right man. For those who want a love story this book will be satisfying.

Talbot Mundy may have been guilty of allowing propaganda to enter into the writing of his newest romance of the East, "The Eye of Zeitoon" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.), but when the propaganda is an invitation for the sporting blood of America to band together and help the cause of Armenia—well, he's quickly forgiven. And, especially as he has written a corking story of adventure, that often borders on the edge of fantasy. There is love and action aplenty, and, as in all Mr. Mundy's stories, you follow it closely, almost breathlessly, to the end.

"Come-on Charley"—(Bobbs-Merrill Co.)—Thomas Addison. Here is a fellow who inherits a lot of money and goes to New York with a few thousand dollars in his possession. And because they had heard of his millions the crowd of men and women who think of newly acquired wealth as their natural prey, decided that they would sell *Charley* all the gold bricks that were lying loose around the city. How they attempted to do so, and with what humorous results makes up the book, which is rather loosely written, but nevertheless entertaining. Unless I am mistaken the stories first appeared in magazine form, hence their lack of continuity. But at any rate *Charley* and his adventures are as welcome as *Wallingford.*

Frederick Palmer, the author of "Photoplay Writing" (Palmer Photoplay Corporation) has realized that, like their first cousins, the dramas, photoplays, good, bad, or indifferent, (generally the second) can be found tucked away in most American homes. It is because so many of these bad photoplays conceal the germ of a good plot, and deserve to be

properly written and offered to the producers, whom Mr. Palmer insists are hungry for stories, that he has written his book, which is a guide to the technique of writing for the screen. The book has many valuable chapters that should help in the construction of a scenario if properly studied, but, as Mr. Palmer points out in his introduction, the real result of the finished product lies with the author. He can help, but the author must do the deep thinking.

The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped)

Why Pick on the Candidate Alone?

OF course we should all like to know just who contributes to each Presidential campaign fund, how they earned the money that they contributed and how the campaign fund is expended. Whether the information would contribute to human progress or not is, as Mr. Hoover says in regard to the question of Food Control, "a thorny question." Still, everyone would like to know. The information would be interesting and show just where a lot of people stand, how much they have got, and where and how they got it. One of the most fascinating pursuits of the mind is in other people's business. Gossips thrive on it, newspapers capitalize it, the stage lives on its attempts to reveal it; nations go to war over it. There is no limit to its potency.

But why pick on the candidate alone? Why not carry the idea farther? Why not introduce a bill compelling everybody to tell how much they spend on their domestic bills, their pleasures, their clubs, their vacations, their tobacco, perfumes, clothes and charities—and how they got it? Why not let the bill provide also for a public newspaper, paid for out of taxes, called, say *Expenditures,* which will carry all this information to the public. Surely it would pay its own way.

Furthermore why maintain the veil of secrecy over the ballot? Why not arrive at our elections openly? If the candidate is to reveal the size and source of his backing, why deny the public the right to know who votes for him, and what the sinister, if any, reason of that vote? Congress is going to open the candidates' preliminary account book, let it tear the veil of secrecy from the voting booth. What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

SECRECY, VOTES AND MONEY

VOTES, you know, are opinions materialized into action, and enforced by law in government, backed by the Judiciary, the police and the military force of the nation. Votes are the most important suffrage of a free people. The candidate who goes after them goes after a very precious inheritance, but he cannot go after them unless he or his friends advertise him to those who do not know him. That costs money, and money is the best and worst thing that civilization has produced, yet the least actually known about. It is the secret power of the world. It wins wars, educates nations, promotes civilization, prolongs life—it is POWER, in the vault or in circulation. Everyone wants it; some have too much and some too little. Money has no preference. It gives no quarter, moves about among those who know how to catch it, and successfully devote their brains to that purpose. Heretofore in the history of the world money has moved in the dark. Those who got it said little about it; those who failed to get it covered up the fact.

Shall we uncover its goings and comings? Shall we audit its movements and publish to the world who has it, how they got it and what they do with it, and, if so, what effect will the publicity have upon its value?

Next in power, as a medium of expression, comes the vote. The two powers are closely allied in relation to government. Must we open the money chest and keep the ballot booth secret? This is indeed a "thorny question," and particularly so in these newer moments when 20,000,000 women have the vote. Twenty million women have come into POWER—a power that is backed by FORCE. These women are given the right of putting their opinions into a secret ballot box, and the sum of these opinions, if in the majority, becomes a fact, expressed through an elected vote in the State and nation's legislation, back of which is the armed FORCE of the Government. It is now a vast SECRET POWER. What if we know just how women use that power; how each woman uses her power.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

SECRECY breeds suspicion, always. Is secrecy at the bottom of the ills of our body politic? Once there was a rich and powerful man who is supposed to have said, "The public be damned!" Those were in other days. Have we progressed since then or only changed, as we have changed our styles of clothes? We have torn the skirts of secrecy off many things, sometimes by force, and sometimes by mutual consent.

The war drove a lot of people into the open. It lined people up; it revealed their incomes; it opened or closed their mouths on certain issues. We have little secrecy left. We have the secrecy of personal matters but no real protection in that secrecy; we have the secrecy of the vote in national, State and social organization councils; we have left, secrecy in many corporate and some political affairs. If it contributes to progress, if it is in the spirit of a free country, if it is in the spirit of our form of government and its Constitution to tear the veil from all things—LET THERE BE LIGHT —but let us play no favorites—rich or poor, high or low, and let us publish the information uniformly paying its cost by taxation; not permitting it to be a privately exploited bit of information given in part or parcel to serve personal interest.

This topic is referred to public discussion.

Running a Campaign Without Money

THE public (excepting always rival politicians and opposing newspapers) are immensely more concerned in the expenditures countenanced after election, than in the amounts expended to campaign, before election. The vast sums of the public's money that are wasted at the instigation of office-holders, both in Federal and State governments, are creating the burdens that really weigh heavily; the thousands that zealous partisans put back of their favorite candidate increases the circulation of currency per capita, and so long as the expenditures are within the law, they are legiti-

mate ammunition in the political firing line. The only man I ever knew to essay a political campaign without the use of funds was the late Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, brother of the more distinguished Henry Ward Beecher. "Father Tom," as he was sometimes affectionately called, was the beloved pastor of Park Church, Elmira, N. Y. Park Church was an institution; it was more than a church—it was a home for the transient homeless, it had a club room, a billiard parlor, a bowling alley, a library, etc.—a very "advanced" notion in religious propaganda twenty-five years ago.

"Father" Tom Beecher was a popular figure in the city at Mark Twain's home, Elmira, and took occasion to speak out in meeting on civic affairs. He was a publicist as well as a minister of the gospel. Things got pretty rotten in Elmira politics, and so Father Tom announced himself candidate for Mayor. He was "called" to run, but vowed he wouldn't spend a cent. If the people wanted good government, there he was, take him and he would clean up the town. He wasn't "regular," and neither ticket took him on; but public talk ran high, and the newspapers gave him wide publicity—the politicians said nothing.

Just previous to the day of election it suddenly occurred to "Father Tom" that he had no ballots. In his humble cottage on the hillside he had a small job press, used occasionally for some church printing. Here he set up and printed his ballots: *For Mayor, Thomas K. Beecher.* He spread them out over the room and left them to dry.

The next morning bright and early, in his familiar old democrat wagon, he went to town. Some errand called him to the church, the great Park Church that occupied an entire square in the heart of the city. There he found some humble people waiting to see him. In their affairs he became absorbed until—suddenly it struck him that it was ELECTION DAY and he hadn't been to the polls—nor had he brought down from his hillside home the ballots. Quickly he got into his old democrat and whipping up "Dobbin" started for his home. About four o'clock he arrived back to the city and went from polling place to polling place hand-

ing out to smiling crowds the ballots carrying his name. A few faithful voted them, but Thomas K. Beecher's vote was negligible—and the "old guard" put through their State.

Canada's Perplexity

CANADA has a vote (in the League of Nations) and now agitation for Nationhood is heard in the Dominion. The question of loyalty to Great Britain is not the issue. Canada proved her colors in the war; but the more pressing questions of bread and butter and dollars and cents stir Canadians to seek some solution of her economic independence. The shrinking pound sterling has struck prosperous Canada hard. The Dominion is capable of self-determination financially and the rate of exchange weighs heavily upon her trade with Uncle Sam. Her dollars have shrunk, and her free movement of trade is menaced. The solution lies not necessarily in nationhood but in the ability to make her own laws, shape her own economics, and set up or pull down trade barriers—as a free nation. Canada wants the formal recognition of the world, as a nation, abolition of appeal to the Imperial Privy Council; Emancipation from the British Parliament and British Government, power to amend her own constitution—and a Minister in Washington, says Professor O. D. Skelton, a leading Canadian educator, author and economist—and a loyal British Canadian. Just how to liberate herself without breaking the bonds of her mother country is an uneasy question across the border. It is a case of not that Canada loves Britain less but home more. The wise virile statesmanship of the Dominion will find a way, it may be assumed, and a way that will be satisfactory to both interests at home and across the Atlantic.

"A Call to Heaven For Justice"

IT was only a short time ago that Poland was crying out from beneath the wheel of the chariot of War. Poland's freedom accomplished, what next? A Greater Poland! The Un-Easy Chair knoweth not for a certainty, for, if its infor-

mation is true, Poland's ambitions are beyond the original bill. Now cometh the wail of the Ukrainians who tell us the vermilion pencil of the Supreme Council, at Paris, does not function. Eastern Galicia is the bone of contention—56,000 square kilometers and 5,000,000 people, historically and racially Ukrainian—70 per cent of the population—Poland was ordered to cease warring upon the Ukrainians; to evacuate and release most of Eastern Galicia; to turn it over to the Ukrainians. She defied the Supreme Council. She not only kept her troops in the Ukraine, but overturned the order of the Supreme Council which declared for "autonomy for this territory" and later self-determination, but has actually left in the hands of Poland this inherently Ukranian Province. Says Professor Michael Hrushevsky, Ukraine's most distinguished historian, former Chairman of the Central Rada, and former member of the University of Lemberg:

> "Protesting before the nations of the civilized world against the illegal and violent amputation of Eastern Galicia from Ukraine and her annexation to Poland, we also brand the regime introduced by Poland into Eastern Galicia as an unheard-of barbarism unequaled by all the horrors of the world war.
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> "After the occupation of Eastern Galicia the Polish authorities not only abolished all rights which the Ukrainians have enjoyed as citizens but even began their virtual physical extermination. Execution and gallows, long sentences—about 100,000 interned men, whom Polish authorities for lack of any proofs could not court martial, therefore deliberately shut up without any legal procedure whatever, atrocious persecutions by military courts, hunger, and a disinclination on the part of the Polish authorities to take steps to check the spread of typhus—this is only a dry enumeration of facts, all of which call to Heaven for justice. The inhuman treatment of captured and wounded Ukrainians has been positively in derision of all international laws. Ukrainian workers have been excluded from many factories, from governmental, communal, and private Polish undertakings, Ukrainian clerks have been excluded from public service and Ukrainian peasants have been prevented from buying land. As a result the whole nation of workers, peasants and intellectuals has been sentenced to moral and physical death.
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> "The Committee for the Independence of Ukraine protests before the whole civilized world against the violence done to the Ukrainian people by that decision of the Peace Conference which hands Eastern Galicia over to Poland. It protests, too, against the hideous system of extermination which has been introduced by the Polish Government against the Ukrainian people of Eastern

> Galicia. We declare that the Ukraine people will never consent to the permanent separation of Eastern Galicia from Ukraine and will fight with all their power for the unity of all the Ukrainian territories into one independent Ukranian Republic."

And there you have it! Who shall settle this situation, the Supreme Council—and their armies—or the two nations most concerned? Should justice prevail—or might?

Aerial Travel In The Philippines

WE notice in *The Philippine Review,* advertising pages, that:

> "Curtiss Aeroplane & Motor Corporation wish to announce that the Curtiss Aerial Passenger Service is now in operation.
>
> "Trips to all parts of the Islands can be arranged on application.
>
> "Make reservations for the trip over Manila, Cavite, and suburbs early by phoning 2244 Manila Hotel or Thos. Cook & Sons."

This is going some! Just twenty years ago there was not a passable road in the Philippine Islands. There was one short narrow-gauge railroad, a mule tramway in Manila; foot-paddled flat-bottom boats on the rivers. Twenty years of American occupation, *voila!* aeroplane passenger service; railways, electric railways, modern hotels, schools, colleges, "English Spoken," a Philippine Congress, * * * In the words of *Mr.* (not Señor) Manuel L. Quezon, of the Philippine Congress:

> "Indeed, the Filipino people went further than merely to maintain their allegiance to the Government of the United States. . . . They went so far as to give their pecuniary help, as they did when they purchased Liberty Bonds in large sums; they offered the National Guard to fight for the cause of America; they have offered a destroyer and a submarine; they will, in a word, if desired, fight for and with America on to victory or defeat in this great war for freedom and democracy" . . . "We stand before the bar of History as Exhibit A to prove that an Oriental race, deprived for centuries of the God-given right of self-government, may safely be intrusted with governmental power."

We should feel uneasy to have the Filipino People "graduated" just yet, but they are assuredly good pupils in the school of good government.

More Babies Wanted

MR. HIRAM MOE GREENE, Editor of the greatest country monthly for women, *Woman's World,* has "said something":

> "What we need in America is more babies. We need more babies with American fathers and mothers if we are to hand down to succeeding generations the best blood and the finest traditions of our country. I do not think that in the eyes of the Creator or in the eyes of the law there is any great fundamental difference in decent men and women. But it is perfectly human and perfectly natural when the family tree has its roots on the other side of the ocean that the family traditions leap from America to Europe at that point in the ancestry where the forefathers bade adieu to the old country and came to America. What we all want in America is American children by Americans who have done something to make America a great Christian nation. This last war has put stars and stripes forever in the hearts of the sons and grandsons of the foreign-born. Their lives became a part of the history of this country. They are Americans. But if all American-born have one or two children and the foreign-born have six or seven—one census enumerator found one with fourteen—the percentage of children of foreign-born parentage is going to be so high that it may be very bothersome some day."

At a census the other day of dock-strikers' families in New York, mostly foreign-born, the average "American" family was *five*. One block east or west of Fifth Avenue from Fiftieth Street upwards for miles the average is about five children to a block! How can we expect to hang on to America if we leave the job of populating the nation to foreign-born citizens, who never really sever the traditional heritage of their blood.

American Graves In France

THE Hon. Myron T. Herrick, our former Ambassador to France and now President of the American Committee for Devastated France, has sent us the following thought:

"Seventy-three thousand, five hundred graves of American soldiers are in France. Seventy-three thousand, five hundred graves are cared for by French and Americans. Twice a year these graves are decorated, on All Souls Day in November and on Memorial Day, May 30.

"There are nearly six hundred American military cemeteries in Belgium and France, but there are over two thousand British cemeteries. The work of concentrating the war graves in large burial centres is under way. 23,000 American soldiers lie at Verdun where the impassable barrier and the determination, "They shall not pass" ranks in history as a second Thermopylæ. No memorial to our men can ever be erected by mortal hand that can equal the sanctity and heroism of the spirit of America as represented by the graves of our soldiers who lie with their brave French comrades.

"At Bellau Woods, two thousand, six hundred graves record the first American victory and the second battle of the Marne. Bellau Woods, now called the Wood of the Marines, is a monument in itself unsurpassed in dignity and in everlasting memory to the fighters who turned the tide for victory in a four years' war.

"If America could only realize the reverence with which these graves are regarded by the French, no relatives would ask to have the disintegrating bones removed, but would bow their heads in gratitude that their heroes are buried with the heroes in France for whom and with whom they fought.

"Through the American Committee for Devastated France, pictures of the cemeteries in France, decorated and cared for by the French, are to be shown in all the motion picture houses in the country; and the Governors of the States are co-operating in sanctioning this method of showing to grieving friends and relatives the conditions under which the American soldier lies buried.

The Power of Well-Directed Intelligence

ONE day, soon after his accession, the Roman Emperor Julian (331-363 A. D.) called for a barber. A magnificently appointed officer at once presented himself.

"It is a barber that I want, not a Receiver General of the Finances!" said the Emperor after one glance at the functionary. And not long thereafter drastic reforms initiated by him, swept his court clean of a horde of highly-paid, luxury-loving sinecure holders.

This illustrates the value of a trained, educated mind. Julian had had "an excellent education," which he completed by philosophical studies at Athens, had a love of hard work and the simple ascetic habits of a hard-working scholar and thinker. He loved the strenuous life, and had a marked aptitude for progressive reform.

John Skelton Williams, speaking of the opportunity open to educated, right-thinking men, says:

"Intelligence, well applied, makes of the terrible the blessing without which we could not live. The wrath of man also is made to work to the glory of God. Human passions stirred to the bursting of bounds and the consuming of ties and restraints go wild and burn as they go, leaving desolation. Governed and directed by wisdom, they give the world life and growth and humanity's grandest works. Our virtues distorted and exaggerated become vices. Our vices and passions can be transformed into virtues. Even religious zeal may degenerate to cruel bigotry. Thrift may become avarice and natural greed of gain, by the mercy of God and the power of will, may be made beneficent power.

"The instinct of hate turned against wrong and oppression, tempered by faithful allegiance to good and by careful watchfulness, develops the efficient reformer. Ambition perverted has given to history its blackest chapters of crime. Taught to aim at the really high and honorable, it has brought and continues to bring, to mankind, the most splendid and heart-stirring instances of heroism and manifestations of manhood. The teacher, the preacher, the political leader, the citizen in private life, blest with knowledge and cultured mind can have no task more glorious, no opportunity wider than the application of his training to ordered thinking and of his learning to the using of the passions of those around him for inspiration, construction—valuable activities. The human mind can be used for no worse or baser purpose than the incitement of those passions to move man to tear his country and destroy his kind."

Never was well-directed intelligence more needed than

in these days of reconstruction when the whole world is groping blindly in a fog of frenzied inflation, dwindling dollars, staggering high cost of living, and destructive strikes.

It is a case for specialists, and here is where the man with singleness of purpose in the matter of an education becomes of value. The man who has concentrated—specialized—and become a master of one thing, should succeed better than the man who dissipates his energies in obtaining a smattering of many things.

As illustrating singleness of purpose, Hon. Elihu Root is said to be responsible for the following amusing story:

A darkey went fishing for eels. He hooked a magnificent bass. Tearing it from his hook he threw it back into the water exclaiming disgustedly:

"When I go eelin', I go eelin'."

An English View of Nationalization

THREATS of nationalization of trade and industry by labor have had the effect of arousing England to a possible and very near-at-hand danger. Mr. Frederick Harrison, a leader in liberal movements in the United Kingdom and a champion of labor and unionism, utters this word of warning to labor:

> "If universal nationalization is to be secured at once, how do you propose to compensate capitalists? You do not intend to plunder their property, as Lenine and Trotzky do, though a miner M. P. proposed so doing. How is the forthcoming labor budget going to find another £8,000,000,000? Is it to be more paper money—and the loaf to go up to 2s? You know very well —or, rather, your leaders know, but they hide the truth—that you are now living on doles—*i. e.*, on charity. Your labor does not produce the value of what you receive in payment. Most of your living is paid for by others. Your bread costs nearly twice as much as you give for it. Your coal does the same. Meat, railways, sugar, trams, tubes, cost in wages much more than you pay. You fiercely threaten the Government if they talk of raising the price of food, or of fuel, or of railway, tram or 'bus. You insist on having a large part of your daily expenditure paid out of taxes—from which you are almost free—*i. e.*, by your neighbors. Your neighbors now pay in doles for your relief nearly as much altogether as the whole income of

the nation in Mr. Gladstone's time. You are being maintained by a gigantic system of Outdoor Labor Relief! And yet you want to plunge into a huge eight thousand million deal, and throw trade into a gambling chaos."

Why Be Thrifty?

IT seems paradoxical that rising prices should lead to reckless extravagance, and this is something that Mr. Average Thrifty Man finds it hard to understand—especially when, in the face of sagging values for Liberty Bonds and other securities, he finds his thriftiness in large part abortive.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip recently made some interesting remarks on this and cognate matters. As to rising prices, thrift and extravagance, he said:

"Rising prices lead to speculation, lead to more than the normal rapidity of money making in some directions and the people who acquire wealth rapidly spend it extravagantly, as a rule. We find this extravagance all through every strata of society, from the working man, who has had his wages advanced very rapidly or who is earning fantastic wages, as in some case, like ship riveters,—we find just as great extravagance at the hands of any profiteer or any speculator who has made great profits and finds them burning a hole in his pocket. . . .

"Now, this question, 'Why be thrifty, why sacrifice present enjoyment to save dolars that may be depreciated, that will buy less after we have saved them and accumulated interest until they are doubled?' There isn't any answer to that. Unless we can have the wisdom in the conduct of the Federal Reserve Bank, you had better spend your money. . . .

"But the voice of the Treasury's judgment has dominated the Federal Reserve Board, and the Treasury's judgment was that it wanted low interest rates, so it could float its obligations at a low rate, and so that its floating debt could be continually renewed at a low rate. It got low rates, but it paid tremendously high for everything it bought in the resulting high prices. It lost much more than it gained in the high prices that it had to meet in buying the things that it bought with the proceeds of these loans. . . .

"I don't want to be critical of what we have gotten into. We all said that we must borrow and buy these government bonds. We were not saving as fast as the Government wanted the purchasing power. Well, we didn't really give the Government any purchasing power when we merely borrowed and kept all our purchasing power ourselves and gave the Government some of this borrowed credit, purchasing power that we borrowed from the banks. We only increased then the number of pur-

chasers, the added competition for goods helped on the higher prices.

"We wouldn't have been able to have sold bonds so rapidly if the banks hadn't loaned on them, but if the rate had been put up where the bonds were entirely taken by the investor, where his buying power was sacrificed and given to the Government, so there weren't two purchasers in the market all the time, the Government would in the end have gotten everything that it had to get, we would have had less unnecessary things; the cost to the Government would have been vastly less, although the interest rate would have been higher."